Their Call to Service

Philip E. Howard

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Their Call to Service

A Study in the Partnership of Business and Religion

By

PHILIP E. HOWARD

Philadelphia
The Westminster Press
1915

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Contents

A Word on the Threshold

If the readers of this little book derive even one-half the inspiration from it that the writer has derived from his personal, or his indirect, acquaintance with those whose lives are briefly told herein, the book will not fail of its purpose.

It is an excursion into life, life of varied scope and significance, particularly for the sake of young men whose eyes are eagerly scanning the road ahead, and who want to win to the uplands in clean and straightforward fashion, without trampling others under by the way.

The men of this book had no easy time of it, as each followed God's imperative call to his own soul. How they fared, and how others fared because of them and their obedience, is in each case a very plain and practical exhibit of effects produced by known causes.

These men proved by their deeds that one's business or profession and one's religion are partners which are able to get on eminently well together, for big ends in varied service.

Where the writer has known them personally he has drawn upon his knowledge of them and their ideals and practices. Where he has not known them, he has had recourse to the work of others, whose books alone can give with needed fullness the

life stories, a single phase of which forms the motive of this group of studies—Their Call to Service.

Perhaps in the reading some one may also hear his own call to the kind of service God has in store for him.

I

Samuel Chapman Armstrong

Soldier and Pioneer Educator

One of the books without which a young man's library is incomplete is "Samuel Chapman Armstrong," by Edith Armstrong Talbot.

The opening incident of this chapter was told to the writer by Miss Annie Beecher Scoville, of the Hampton Institute staff.

I

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG

A FIRE was raging in the big mill at Hampton Institute. The whole school had dropped books and tools, and every one had turned out to do what might be done to save the building.

A man in a wheel chair watched the scene with keen and eager eyes. Nothing escaped his glance. He saw how courageously the boys swarmed to the roof of the building, and how vigorously and intelligently they fought the flames; but he could not help seeing that the fire-fighters were in danger, and that the tin roof was lifting and twisting under the heat, and might at any moment curl out over the roof's edge, upon the boys on the ladders. Suddenly the tin lifted clear of its fastenings, rose like swelling canvas, and pitched over the edge of the roof, not upon, but between the groups of fighters. Then the fire was gradually brought under control.

The man in the wheel chair watched all this. When it was plain that the fire would do no more damage, he turned to a man who had come from a long distance to see him, and began to discuss plans for a big agricultural building for the school. While the fire was on, his whole being was centered on that. When the danger was over the keen-eyed invalid turned at once to the next duty. It was not

the first time that General Armstrong had shown such a spirit of eager duty-doing.

He was a man singularly well prepared for the task with which his name will always be associated, the founding and upbuilding of Hampton Institute, that pioneer school of industrial education for Negroes. Few men of our time could look back over a more marvelous preparation for his chief life work than General Armstrong. He was led into a new and singularly trying work of reconstruction, of breaking new ground in education, of reconciling conflicting ideas as between North and South, and it is hard to see how his preparation for that work could have been more direct. This did not appear in advance, for he never in his preparatory days seemed to be at all sure of his calling. But birth, and schooling, and playtime, and war time all gave of their wealth of equipment for his great undertaking.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong was born on the island of Maui, Hawaiian Islands, January 30, 1839, the son of Richard and Clarisa Armstrong, missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was born in a time of tremendous religious enthusiasm, when great revivals caused the people in general to give up heathenism and to turn to Christ. Public offices were sometimes occupied by missionaries. At the time of Richard Armstrong's death King Kamchamcha said of him :

"Doctor Armstrong has been spoken of as Minister of Public Instruction, and subsequently

President of the Board of Education, but we have only partly described the important offices which he filled. He was a member of the House of Nobles, and of the King's Privy Council, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Oahu College, Trustee of the Queen's Hospital, Executive officer of the Bible and Tract Society, and deeply interested in developing the agricultural resources of the kingdom. No other government officer or missionary was brought into such close intimacy with the native as a whole."

When, shortly after Samuel's birth, the family moved to Honolulu, they came into the main current of Hawaiian political, religious and educational movement. There was austerity in the home life in essential things, but with plenty of play for the youngsters. General Armstrong's biographer gives an enchanting picture of the boy's life in that land of fertile pleasantness. Did any youngster ever have a more glorious time of it?

"In such a home setting one can imagine little Samuel barefooted, clad in faded blue denim, among his crowd of brothers and sisters and playmates, blond and slim, full of his father's fun, with long, shaggy hair tossed back from dancing eyes, rushing in and out of the water after his little boats, to make and sail which was the greatest delight of Honolulu boys, with their facilities of reef-locked harbor, and constant trade wind. As marbles, chess, and cards were not allowed, and as football was unknown, baseball (in which Samuel was never proficient), swimming, sailing, and riding were the sports among boys, followed, as the players advanced from the age

of blue-denim trousers into that of great care for neckties, by choir practice, debating clubs and horseback rides by night. There were glorious dashes over the moonlit sands, twenty or thirty couples of boys and girls abreast, when the game was to have one extra man, then break the ranks and let all try for a place in the line with one of the girls. There were week-long excursions and upward dashes to the cool mountain tops, where the cataracts had their birth, and whence one could overlook the ocean rising on all sides to the level of the eye like a great blue saucer."

The General himself described those days in this way :

"The large crop of boys that swarmed about the mission had the usual piratical instincts of their kind, and, although we were all subjected to the severest Puritanic discipline, we managed to execute occasional raids on the barrel of lump sugar in the mission depository. The 'Maternal Association' took up the more hopeless cases of those who played checkers or said 'By George!' The boys were thrown into convulsions when one of their number reported hearing an excited missionary father say 'By Jingo!' . . . We had no stables, and out in the wild pasture had to catch with the lasso every horse we rode ; and everybody rode—men, women, children. . . . Nothing, however, was more permanently popular than swimming in the great deep mountain basins. The great feat was to jump from the cliff, some forty feet, into the depths below, where we played like fishes."

"He never forgot," says his biographer, "the fun of being a boy, never, in fact, quite got over being a boy."

With all his fun, Samuel thoroughly enjoyed his school work, in the Royal School at Punahow, which was later called Oahu College. He named his sailboat "Telemachus," and his horses for heroes discovered in his studies. He read text-books very much as some boys would read stories, because he liked to do it. One who had been a student at Oahu College, Joseph S. Emerson, described in The Outlook Armstrong's readiness and ability in the varied use of his splendid powers of body and mind. He was put in charge of a geometry class, in the absence of the teacher, for a considerable time.

Mr. Emerson said: "On taking the class in geometry, from the very first he began to inspire us with some of his own enthusiasm. Coming in from a hotly contested game of wicket, he looked every inch a man. He would deliberately close his own book, and lay it one side, seldom referring to it during the hour of recitation. It was thus easy for him to persuade us to follow his example in this particular. Our memories were trained to do admirable service, so that at the end of the year the majority, if not all, of the class could repeat the entire seven books, except the demonstrations and mathematical calculations, from beginning to end, or give any axiom, any definition or proposition by its appropriate book and number."

In 1860, after the death of his father, young Arm-

strong, in accordance with his father's wishes, came to America, and entered Williams College. He had come out of a missionary atmosphere into a college with missionary traditions and spirit, and under the influence of Mark Hopkins. He had passed his boyhood among missionaries and natives of the islands, and had grown up with a full knowledge of the thoughts and ways of a childlike race. Now he was to experience the rigorous atmosphere, intellectual, spiritual and political, of the ante bellum New England, at a time when tremendous issues were in the heat of discussion. That from which he had come was, quite unknown to him, a primary schooling for his life work. Mark Hopkins and Williams College and the New England of that day were to give him his preparatory-school education. Then his training was to be rounded out by a collegiate course in human life-and-death struggle for a cause with which he became identified. "In his Hawaiian days," says one who knew him well, "he used to say that he would be a politician or a business man; that he would be a philanthropist was the farthest from our thoughts."

And what kind of fellow was Armstrong among the others at Williams? Dr. John Denison gives this picture of him in The Atlantic Monthly:

"He was a trifle above middle height, broad-shouldered, with large, well-poised head, forehead high and wide, deep-set, flashing eyes, a long mane of light-brown hair, his face very brown and sailor-like. He bore his head high, and carried about an air of insolent good health. He was unconventional

in his notions, Shaksperean in sympathy, and wished to see all sides of life, yet he never formed affiliations with the bad side. If he touched pitch, he got rid of it as soon as he could, pleasantly if possible, but at all events decidedly; he had a robust habit of will, and laid hold always of the best in his environment. . . . His greatest tendency seemed to be to go ahead. He was the most strenuous man I ever saw. Doctor Arnold said of himself, 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus.' Armstrong said of himself, 'Missionary or pirate.'"

He had serious thoughts about his future plans. With all his fun and high spirits he shows evidences of the forward look. He wrote in March, 1861:

"Just now there is considerable religious interest in college, and I think I have become a better Christian than I used to be. I look forward with joy to a life of doing good, and if my native land should present the strongest claims to me I should be willing and glad to go there. My aim is to study for the ministry, but yet I hesitate to take the solemn vows; the responsibility is so awful. Baxter [his brother] used to say that none of our family would make good ministers; if he feels that way about my choice, tell him that I mean to have good times after all, and not to look like a galvanized mummy. Tell him to save one of his finest colts; I may need it in about four years."

A little later he wrote, as the war excitement grew:

"I shall go to the war if I am needed, but not till

then ; were I an American, as I am a Hawaiian, I should be off in a hurry. Next term it will be hard to remain at Williamstown, and harder yet to study."

In the spring of 1862, when he graduated, his thoughts turned toward the war more strongly than ever. In the summer he decided to recruit a company. He built a shanty in a public square in Troy, and very soon had his quota of recruits, and was sworn in as senior captain. Thus began his experience of fire and blood and daring that gave his education its climax for the work that became his when the war was over.

His brother relates a characteristic incident of the regiment's march through New York City. The men were resting in City Hall Park. One of Armstrong's men came up and said : "I say, Captain, where can I get a drink of water?" Armstrong started off at once to get it for him. "It seems to me," said the brother, "that is not very good military discipline for the captain to be running around for water for his men." "The men must have water," replied the captain ; "I'm bound to see that they get it." That was his spirit then, and it held true to the end of his life. If any under his care needed anything he was bound to see that they got it. Hampton Institute was built on that foundation.

Armstrong's great testing under fire came at Gettysburg. After telling of the terrific fighting, in which he led his men, he wrote :

"But I cannot describe the battle field—the dead

—the wounded—the piteous groans and the prayers of agony that went up to heaven all night and day. . . . I may say to you that I have made what inward preparation I can for death. I keep a little volume of Psalms with me, and try to act the soldier of Christ. Don't be anxious for me. The God above does all things well. There are more battles to be fought, and I must fight. My sensations in battle are not strange. I feel simply resolved to do my best, to lead my men, and to accept my fate like a man."

And now another phase of Armstrong's preparation came into his life. In November, 1862, he became entitled, after a rigid examination, to the rank of colonel of colored troops, a service that appealed strongly to him. He took charge of six companies of the Ninth Regiment of United States Colored Troops in General William Birney's command. On the night before he left his old regiment, the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth New York, he wrote:

"The negro troops have not yet entirely proved themselves good soldiers; but if the Negroes can be made to fight well, then is the question of their freedom settled. . . . All mankind are looking to see whether the African will show himself equal to the opportunity before him. And what is this opportunity? It is to demonstrate to the world that he is a man, that he has the highest elements of manhood, courage, perseverance and honor; that he is not only worthy of freedom, but able to win it, so he has a chance. . . . I gladly lend myself to the experiment, to this issue. It will yet be a grand

thing to have been identified with this negro movement."

Armstrong drilled his men into a state of high efficiency in every respect. He planned, too, for their recreation. He arranged his own tent attractively, to quicken others to do likewise. At Benedict, Maryland, where the troops were then stationed, was a school for the negro soldiers, and Armstrong was put in charge of this school,—"an old secesh tobacco barn, cleaned out, ventilated, and illuminated by a few tallow candles ; well-seated and holds five hundred men."

The bravery and fine discipline of Armstrong's men amply vindicated his hopes for them and his belief in them. When his discharge came, in August, 1865, various openings came to him, and it was hard to choose among them. Out of the uncertainty his duty began to appear. On the third anniversary of his enlistment he wrote : "There may be a place for me in the struggle for right and wrong in this country." And there was, beyond any shadow of doubt. Again he wrote : "There is something in this standing face to face with destiny, looking into its darkness, that is inspiring ; it appeals to manhood ; it is thrilling, like going into action."

The proposed work of the Freedmen's Bureau under the direction of General O. O. Howard, to meet the needs of the ex-slaves, drew Armstrong with a constraining interest. He applied for service in that connection. He was appointed an agent of the Bureau, having ten counties in Virginia in his care,

and he acted as superintendent of schools over a larger territory. Hampton was the village near Fort Monroe where his headquarters were established. There were thousands of freed slaves all around him and his work challenged every ability with which he was endowed.

It was while he was in the midst of these delicate and difficult tasks of untangling broken and twisted relationships of Negroes and whites, and while he was providing in practical ways for the everyday needs of the bewildered and unschooled Negroes, that he became clear on the solution of his problem. He was neither a Northern nor a Southern man by birth. His citizenship had come to him by residence. He was not troubled by the "intense and burning local antagonism to his work which made the situation of his fellow workers almost intolerable." When the work of the Freedmen's Bureau came to an end in 1872, Armstrong was already well along in his plans for the uplift of the Negroes.

The thing to be done was clear. There must be a school for the Freedmen. He wrote later of its purpose:

"To train selected negro youths who should go out and teach and lead their people, first by example, by getting land and homes; to give them not a dollar that they could not earn for themselves; to teach respect for labor, to replace stupid drudgery with skilled hands, and to those ends to build up an industrial system for the sake, not only of self support and intelligent labor, but also for the sake of character."

General Armstrong suggested to the American Missionary Association that such a school should be established at Hampton, and he was asked to take charge of it. "Till then my future had been blind," he wrote. "It had only been clear that there was a work to be done for the ex-slave, and where and how to do it."

From that time on Samuel Chapman Armstrong lived for Hampton Institute. He was the personal friend of the ever-growing numbers of students. He understood them, knew what they could do, and saw to it that they did their work. "There is no place for a lazy man in this world or the next," he would say. He dignified work, unfolded to the students the possibilities of character; went about the North winning friends and gathering funds; planned and carried to completion great extension plans, and always and everywhere preaching his doctrine of achievement, "Doing what can't be done is the glory of living." At a meeting at Lake Mohonk he exclaimed, "What are Christians put into the world for, but to do the impossible in the strength of God!" General J. F. B. Marshall is quoted by Armstrong's biographer as having said: "For most people an obstacle is something in the way to stop going on, but for General Armstrong it merely meant something to climb over, and if he could not climb all the way over, he would get up as high as possible, and then crow!"

What a challenge there is to the heroic in every young man in such a life as this! Who can be near such a flaming, forth-faring spirit without taking

fire from him! General Armstrong entered into the new life, May 11, 1893. Hear his call to those who were to follow him in his work, and his acknowledgment of God's goodness to him:

"Now, when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead and, perhaps, to say the things that I should wish known should I suddenly die.

"I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died next.

"I wish no monument or fuss whatever over my grave; only a simple headstone—no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempt at oratory—a soldier's funeral.

"I hope there will be enough friends to see that the work of the school shall continue. Unless some make sacrifice for it, it cannot go on.

"A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of oneself and one's resources—the best investment of time, strength and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God.

"In the school the great thing is not to quarrel; to pull all together; to refrain from hasty, unwise words and actions; to unselfishly and wisely seek the best good of all; and to get rid of workers whose

temperaments are unfortunate—whose heads are not level; no matter how much knowledge or culture they may have. Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy.

"I wish no effort at a biography of myself made. Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of life usually lies deep down—we hardly know ourselves; God only does. I trust his mercy. The shorter one's creed the better. 'Simply to thy cross I cling' is enough for me.

"I am most thankful for my parents, my Hawaiian home, for war experiences, and college days at Williams, and for life and work at Hampton. Hampton has blessed me in so many ways; along with it have come the choicest people of this country for my friends and helpers, and then such a grand chance to do something directly for those set free by the war; and, indirectly, for those who were conquered; and Indian work has been another great privilege.

"Few men have had the chance that I have had. I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life—have been, seemingly, guided in everything.

"Prayer is the greatest thing in the world. It keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant, yet has been the best thing I have ever done. I think this is a universal truth—what comfort is there in any but the broadest truth?

"I am most curious to get a glimpse at the next world. How will it seem? Perfectly fair and per-

fectly natural, no doubt. We ought not to fear death. It is friendly.

"The only pain that comes at the thought of it is for my true, faithful wife and blessed dear children. But they will be brave about it all and in the end stronger. They are my greatest comfort.

"Hampton must not go down. See to it, you who are true to the black and red children of the land and to just ideas of education.

"The loyalty of old soldiers and of my students has been an unspeakable comfort.

"It pays to follow one's best light—to put God and country first, ourselves afterward.

"Taps has just sounded.

S. C. ARMSTRONG.

"*Hampton, Virginia, New Year's Eve, 1890.*"

II

Sir George Williams

Founder of the
Young Men's Christian Association

The biography of Sir George Williams, written by J. E. Hodder Williams, is a book for every young man's library. It is rich in interest and stimulus.

II

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS

GEORGE WILLIAMS is known to most men of our time as the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association. Just what this achievement has meant to the young men of to-day is not to be measured in the terms of ordinary language. The Young Men's Christian Association in America alone has had an untold influence upon the life of the generation in which we live, and the founder of that association was a man whose business career in the trade in which he was a leader was quite as noted for its strength and conspicuous success as his career in his chosen field of Christian service.

George Williams was a country boy, born in Dulverton, Somerset, October 11, 1821, and he was brought up among the peasants of the English countryside. He attended the ordinary schools of his day, and was subjected to the same temptations and surroundings as the other boys of the farming community. He did not seem to have any special gift for farming. After a period of experiment as a farmer, when he was one day taking a load of hay to the barn, the wagon was upset by the ruts in the road, while the hay, the cart and the horses went into the ditch. This was the final determining

factor in leading his brothers and his father to feel that he would never be a success as a farmer.

He was accordingly apprenticed to a draper, or dry-goods dealer, in a neighboring town. Of his character at that time he said: "I entered Bridgewater a careless, thoughtless, godless, swearing young fellow." Yet in later years he could call that town his "spiritual homeland." God's hand was in the move that took him away from the rough farm life of his day, and placed him where he gradually came under strong religious influences. He saw that there was a life far above the plane of his own, and he began to be troubled about himself. When he was sixteen he heard a sermon by Rev. Evan James in the Congregational Chapel. That night he found his way to the back of the shop in which he worked, and kneeling there, he gave himself to God. When, in mature life, he took part in the opening of a fine Association building that he had been instrumental in giving to the town, he said: "It is not easy to forget one's first love. I first learned in Bridgewater to love my dear Lord and Saviour for what he had done for me. I learned at Bridgewater to see the vital importance, the tremendous importance of the spiritual life."

When he was nineteen he went with his father to London, and there was introduced to the senior member of the firm of Hitchcock and Rogers, drapers. At first he did not make a particularly good impression upon Mr. Hitchcock, but there was something about him which drew the older man, who finally concluded to try him. Young Will-

iams accordingly was taken into the life of the business establishment, which then occupied practically the whole waking time of the young men working there.

The business hours in the forties were by no means so easy as the hours of to-day. It was not unusual for the young men assistants to begin work at seven o'clock in the morning and finish at eleven at night. This allowed very little time for sleep or recreation, and in their weary state of mind and body their recreations were likely to be of a not very high order. The young men lived in dormitories, or rooms connected with the business establishment, so that business was practically their whole life, excepting for the few hours of the night when many of them resorted to dissipation, while some took advantage of the time to get necessary sleep.

George Williams, a boy from the country, was thrown into these associations and had to make his way in business in the midst of what now would be called serious moral and physical disadvantages. The young man of to-day who looks forward to a business career faces no such conditions as these. Drapers' assistants in the forties in the city of London lived in a way that would seem intolerable to us, but George Williams, even in his twenties, was able not only to toil after this fashion, but so to live among his fellow workers that instead of adding another chapter to the story of broken youth all around him, he began and carried through to a glorious world-wide influence a work that began in a very humble way. One secret of his impervious-

ness to the evils around was what is believed to be his chief reason for leaving Bridgewater—a desire to be where he would find the largest field of work for Christ. He set his face steadfastly toward the life of service. When he joined the establishment there were one hundred and forty assistants. He wrote:

"I asked myself, What can I do for these young men? There were five or six of us in the bedroom, and the conduct of my companions was altogether different from anything you can form an idea of. In an inner room which opened out of this bedroom there were four or five young men, one of whom was a Christian, and one was a good moral character, although unconverted."

These two Christian young men arranged to meet in the bedroom for prayer, and George Williams says of these beginnings, "We met, our numbers grew and the room was soon cramped; in answer to prayer the spirit of God was present, and we had conversion after conversion."

Williams made it his habit to pick out his men one by one and pray for them steadily. As the result of this, many of the young fellows were converted; and Mr. Hitchcock himself was undoubtedly led out into a public profession of Christ in this way, and became a helper to the young men who were trying to lead a Christian life.

One young fellow who was very hard to reach was under consideration in one of the prayer meetings. When Williams found out that he was specially fond of oysters, he suggested that the boys

give an oyster supper, and invite him to it, at the same time making it plain that there was to be no talking to the young man about his soul on that occasion. The man was much amused at the invitation; he could not think of these Christian young men as indulging in any such good time. But he discovered that the Christians were not quite so dull as he thought they were. Later he began to attend the prayer meeting, and joined their prayer circle, and he was among the first twelve members of the Association that was later formed.

In his own bedroom Williams gathered together a few of his friends for the study of a plan that had taken shape in his mind. Out of that meeting grew the Young Men's Christian Association, first designed as a means of evangelistic and missionary work among the assistants of Hitchcock and Rogers; and gradually extending from that establishment to others. Into this work, George Williams put his first and best thought, kept it in the center of his prayer life and gave to it his skill, his untiring energy and his best powers in the inspiring and leading of men in all walks of life.

Meanwhile, he did not abate his intense and clear-headed attention to his business as a growing young man in a dry-goods house. He attended as religiously to his business duties, as he attended busily to his religious duties. When he was put in charge of the buyers, he showed an accurate knowledge of the needs of the public; he knew how to encourage his buyers, and to supervise them closely, and under his care the business increased greatly, long be-

fore the glad day came when he was taken into the firm. Another partnership, his marriage with a daughter of Mr. Hitchcock, was a profound and continued influence for untold good in his life.

He was sunshine itself among his associates. He was able to accomplish enormous amounts of work by his steady and cheery industry, and his shrewd insight into the character and latent ability of others added much to the sum total of his success by the wise choice of helpers. His religion and his business were blended in a combination that held valid and effective under the tests of a long life. "He believed and stated more than once," says his biographer, "that the lack of a well-grounded faith in Christ, of definite Christian ideals, was one of the chief causes of commercial failure; believed with his father-in-law, the founder of the firm, that one of the greatest delusions of the day was that religion spoiled a man for business; that the men of God (other things, natural ability, education and knowledge being equal) are the best men of business. He was not, however, inclined to make the mistake of trusting or employing a man merely on account of religious training or convictions. He held firmly to the idea that a Christian young man might be, and indeed ought to be, a good employee, and although he did all in his power to impress upon everyone in his establishment the claims of Christ, he had, in these days of the making of his fortune, the keenest scent of the hypocrite and the highest appreciation of commercial capacity."

In his home life, he was exceedingly happy,

although his engagements prevented him from spending many of his evenings with his family. It was his custom on Saturday night to read to his family from the Illustrated Weekly, and then upon Sunday morning to go with them to Portsmouth Chapel where he attended church. On the Sabbath he was busy with Christian work of all sorts : hospital visiting, distribution of tracts, speaking at meetings, personal work and care for one branch or another of the Young Men's Christian Association enterprise. On many a business day, after the crowded hours in his office, he would spend his evenings at the Association building. Sometimes several months would pass without any evenings spent at home.

He was accustomed to invite persons to lunch with him in his establishment, and there he would entertain friends from the country, persons from abroad, visitors who were interested in the work he was doing, and secretaries of Associations. A missionary from western China wrote how the words of good cheer spoken in that little room remained with him throughout the years of toil and persecution. Another, a country clergyman, told of the way in which his heart was made to glow as they talked together of the goodness of God and of the greatness of the work ; a stranger from America told how he had carried across the Atlantic the blessings he had received at parting.

After his luncheon time, it was Williams' custom to spend fifteen minutes in prayer, and to ask for special mercies upon the work represented by those

who were at the luncheon with him. His biographer says:

"It is impossible to give more than one or two examples of the way in which George Williams' influence permeated the religious activities of his time. He was connected more or less intimately with nearly every prominent evangelistic institution in the country, and was the main support of many humbler endeavors. His contributions to the British and Foreign Bible Societies were very large. He gave lavishly to missionary societies of all denominations. His generosity recognized no limitations of creed. He took part in the reopening of Whitefield's Tabernacle and gave a large sum toward the erection of an Anglican Church at Exeter in which his son, Rev. Charles Williams, was particularly interested.

"But perhaps more characteristic examples of his breadth of mind and wide generosity are to be found in the records of less known societies, such as the Commercial Travelers' Christian Association, the object of which is primarily the promotion of intercourse among Christian commercial men with a view to counteracting the special temptations of the 'road'; the Christian Community of those who work voluntarily among the poorest of London's poor, especially in the workhouses; the Seaman's Christian Friend Society, which ministers to the welfare of sick and destitute seamen and carries on missions in some forty British ports; the Soldiers' Christian Association, with its four hundred branches scattered throughout the Empire; the London Cab-

men's Mission ; the London Tramcar and Omnibus Scripture Text Mission, whose object is to arrange for the exhibition of texts in trams, omnibuses and railway carriages ; and even of such a society as the Christian Cyclists' Union. These are but a few out of many similar institutions which had ever a warm place in his heart, and which now mourn the loss of one who never wearied in forwarding the work by his counsel and never failed them in their hours of need." And further it is said : "Whatever the demands upon his time and purse, he did not forget or neglect the least ostentatious work with which he had ever been connected. One of his most intimate friends conducted a mission at Bromley, in Kent, and for twenty years without a break, George Williams occupied the chair at its annual meeting, postponing important engagements to be present, and to the last was as keenly interested in its welfare as if its work had been of world-wide dimension."

Not long before the great Young Men's Christian Association Jubilee gathering in London, the Queen offered to George Williams the honor of knighthood in acknowledgment of his "distinguished service to the cause of humanity." When he received the letter he grew pale, and in a choking voice asked his secretary, handing him the letter : "What do you think of that?" "Sir, it is a well-deserved honor," was the earnest reply. "No, no," said George Williams, "it is not for me, it is for the Association. It belongs to our Master, let us put it at his feet." Then, kneeling in prayer, this knight of

Christian service unaffectedly rendered homage to the Lord whom he had served so long.

"From first to last," writes his biographer, "the Jubilee was a triumph. But the memory which will last the longest of all is the frail figure of an old gentleman as he stood to receive from ten thousand of his fellow men a demonstration of affection and pride without parallel in the history of religion, and wondered why everybody was so kind to him."

George Williams passed away in November of 1905. Long years before, when he was thirty-four years old, he thought it worth while to set down for his own guidance certain rules, which are well worth quoting. These rules explain much that came into his life, as he went on with his remarkable service in the field of business, and in the field of Christian philanthropy. This prayer was written as a preface :

"The Lord be pleased to help me to form resolutions and then give me grace to keep them."

The rules were :

"That I determine to get an alarm and when it goes off I am out of bed before it is finished.

"That I read and meditate upon a portion of God's Word every morning and spend some time in prayer.

"That I strive to live more in the spirit of prayer.

"That I do not parley, but resist at once the various temptations which beset me.

"That I resist the Devil at once, however he may come to me.

"That I pray more for my dear relatives and strive for their conversion.

"That I spend some time in praying for the young men at St. Paul's.

"That I have certain days and times for certain things, and strive to be regular and punctual.

"That I strive to gain a better knowledge of the Scriptures, and have Bible readings with dear Helen.

"That I read these resolutions over before every ordinance day."

And this was the message that he sent to the young men of America when he had almost reached the end of his earth's journey :

"Tell the men of America to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and not to think too much of the things that are temporal, for the true riches are only to be found in Jesus Christ."

Then he said to his visitors to whom these words were spoken :

"My brothers, we shall never meet on earth again. I am just waiting, waiting for His call." Then raising both his hands, as in benediction, he said, "May God be with you and make you and all your faithful workers very useful in his hands, to the salvation of precious souls."

III

George H. Stuart

A Christian Leader in
"The Heroic Age of America"

Mr. Stuart's own account of his life, edited by Robert Ellis Thompson, D. D., is filled with stirring reminiscences of men and events,—"The Life of George H. Stuart."

III

GEORGE H. STUART

On a July day in 1863 a man mounted a chair in the center of the big dining room of Congress Hall in Saratoga Springs, New York, and held up a telegram. Then he asked in a loud voice if the people in that room wanted to hear from Charleston. There was no question about that. The Federal navy was besieging Charleston, and important news was expected.

There was a sudden hush throughout the room. Then the man read the telegram, which was from a naval officer :

"For God's sake send us a cargo of ice, as our men are dying for want of cooling drinks."

The man on the chair then announced that all who wished to help might leave their contribution at the hotel office. Dessert was about to be served, but without waiting for it the diners hurried to the office, and the giving began.

Then the man who had caused all this stir went to the Union Hotel, and to the United States Hotel, where the appeal was made again. So much was given in response to these appeals that a vessel was chartered in Boston by telegram, and within a day or two sailed for Charleston, loaded with ice.

The man who had been so quick to seize the opportunity of the hour was the chairman of the

Christian Commission, George H. Stuart of Philadelphia. He was always on the alert to serve, and always bold and resourceful in doing what needed to be done.

Mr. Stuart was for many busy years a familiar figure not only in Philadelphia, but in many other centers at home and abroad, wherever his activities for mankind led him. He came into great prominence in America during the Civil War, because of his place and work as Chairman of the Christian Commission, a work inaugurated by a convention over which he presided, of American Young Men's Christian Associations, held in New York, in November, 1861, "to take active measures to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the soldiers in the army and the sailors and marines in the navy, in coöperation with the chaplains and others." His capacity for devotion to a cause, his executive ability, his power with men and his exceptional platform skill were given scope in this great task.

George H. Stuart came to America when he was fifteen years old, from Ulster, the source of so much of our sturdy Scotch-Irish immigration. He was one of the most distinguished of that stock on this side of the sea. He came to Philadelphia in 1831, while Stephen Girard was yet alive, while all the city lay to the east of Broad Street along the Delaware, and while the present Philadelphia area was still under the control of several city governments. He lived to see the city unified and tremendously extended; to see the beginnings and some of the

progress of business undertakings there that have become prominent in the world of commerce, and to be chosen one of the managers of the vast sums left by Stephen Girard to be administered by the City of Philadelphia.

Young Stuart served a clerical and traveling apprenticeship in his brother's dry-goods house. After six years he was taken into partnership in the firm of Stuart and Brothers on New Year's Day, 1837.

As to his boyhood schooling Mr. Stuart said, toward the end of his life :

"I was full of fun and frolic, and probably no boy ever paid less attention to his studies. Owing to my predisposition for sport, my fondness for hunting and swimming, et cetera, my education was not what it might otherwise have been. I have often since regretted that I had not paid more attention to it. What I have picked up has been through coming into contact with men of culture and education."

He had "picked up" already some clear and definite moral and religious standards of conduct that helped to prepare him for growth in this respect. His home training in the Associate Presbyterian Church in Ulster had been strict in many details. As life opened out before him in his new homeland he acquired convictions of duty that did much to shape his career. He told once the story of a business trip to Pittsburgh by canal, while he was still a salesman. He and the two friends with him found to their surprise that the boat could not reach Pittsburgh until Sunday night. "With my early education I could not consent to travel on

the Sabbath," he said, "and, with a few others who felt as I did, I left the boat about ten o'clock at night at a small town." When they did reach Pittsburgh they stopped at a hotel where, as was the universal custom, they had their wine at dinner. That evening they went to a temperance lecture. One of the speakers held up a glass of wine, described its contents, and the results of its use. "It was then and there," says Mr. Stuart, "in my seat, at the conclusion of this address, that I determined, without joining any temperance society, to abstain thereafter from the use of wine as a beverage, which, by the grace of God, I have been able to do to this day."

This led him to take a keen interest in the temperance movement. Eight years later it was he who welcomed John B. Gough to Philadelphia on his first visit there as a temperance speaker, having been engaged by Mr. Stuart to speak in the young merchant's church.

The foundation of Mr. Stuart's business prosperity was laid by his far-sighted courage during his first trip to England, in 1840. He was buying goods for his firm. He for the first time learned of and saw black alpacas. He bought thirty cases, and sent twenty cases to Philadelphia and ten cases to New York. Promptly a protest came from the New York branch, but the goods sold rapidly, and the firm became large importers. Some concerns, whose members were known to have anti-slavery ideas, were boycotted by those of other sympathies, but Stuart and Brothers, whose anti-slavery views were

well known, were not boycotted, because alpaca was one of the fabrics that the ladies of both North and South decided they must have.

Both business skill and great ability in Christian service were found in Mr. Stuart to a high degree. The editor of his autobiography, President Robert Ellis Thompson, writes :

"The successful business man is one who has taken the trouble to ascertain the relative value of things, and who proceeds to act on that knowledge without question or hesitation. And the Christian of this temper is a man who has satisfied himself that his Master's estimate of the value of things is the right one, and who proceeds to act on that assumption with as little reserve or hesitation as if it were a question of the market price of hard ware or dry-goods.

"It has been Mr. Stuart's joy to testify everywhere and to all men of his love for the Saviour, and that with a frankness and unreserve which mark the man who 'means business' in his religion as elsewhere."

Young Stuart joined the Reformed Presbyterian Church in April, 1835, and from that time on he served in nearly every office within the gift of his church. He was devoted to Sunday-school work, and acted as secretary, treasurer, teacher, and as superintendent. His first appointment was as a Sunday-school librarian, and from that he went on with ever increasing interest in the Bible study and character-training institution of the church. As a superintendent he was particularly careful in his choice of teachers, and his consciousness of oppor-

tunity is shown in part by the fact that he was the means of leading many young men into the ministry.

He found most of his own leadings into large service in some small service close at hand. He was spiritually alert, and although he was a master of organization as a method, he did not wait for organization to accomplish a work that might seem to him needed.

His interest in foreign missions began when he was yet in his teens. A young Irish coachman, who had refused to get the carriage of his employer ready for a Sunday drive, and who was promptly taken into the man's counting room, was a member of Stuart's Sunday school. He became the head bookkeeper of the firm, and in his spare moments was studying Greek, preparatory to entering the ministry, which he finally succeeded in doing. He went out to the foreign field as the first representative of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of the United States, in India. There he founded an orphan school, and it was characteristic of the connectedness of Mr. Stuart's life interests that for his Sunday-school friend he raised money to support and educate many of the boys, one of whom was named for him and became a preacher. And from that home Sunday school, largely through the influence of that coachman-missionary, ten missionaries went out to help him in India, two to Africa, and one to China. Mr. Stuart himself was the treasurer of the missionary board of his church from 1843 to 1865, and was the publisher of its missionary magazine, The Banner of the Covenant, until 1859.

Mr. Stuart's interest in the anti-slavery movement

also began at home. He was much impressed by a national anti-slavery convention in Philadelphia in December, 1833. When still a young man he met Benjamin Lundy, the abolitionist, and John Greenleaf Whittier, and although his business friends assured him he would hurt his business, his interest in the movement grew in intensity and activity. He, with other young men, organized a Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, especially to enlist the sympathies of the evangelical churches in behalf of the slaves. The hall erected for meetings by the Abolition party and by this young men's society was burned by a mob. About that time, the Negroes in the city were threatened by a mob, a movement that was frustrated by volunteer militia of which Stuart was a member.

In the presidential election of 1840 he was the only one at his polling place who voted the Free Soil ticket, although he was warned that if he did so his life would be in danger.

The great revival of 1857 was a time of quickening and development for him, and after that his public gifts seemed to unfold to a remarkable degree. It was his whole personality that counted, not merely what he said. The spirit within him shone through his cheery countenance, his hearty ways, his alert action, his wonderful tact, his ability to get close to the heart of men of all sorts and stations. As early as 1854 he came into prominence as a presiding officer in public meetings, when he presided at an eight-nights' debate on the authority and inspiration of the Scripture, between Dr. Joseph F. Berg, and

the English infidel, Joseph Barker, before an audience of more than two thousand. Nineteen years later he was on the platform with Mr. Barker, at the dedication of the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in Germantown.

He was the first president of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association, organized June 15, 1854, of which John Wanamaker, who was then a clerk in a clothing store, was the first paid secretary, with his salary guaranteed by Mr. Stuart.

Abroad as well as in America this keen-minded, consecrated, genial man was called into distinguished service. During the great revival in Ireland in 1860, he made a six weeks' journey through the island, and during that time he made seventy-four addresses, to over seventy-five thousand people. On one occasion, in Belfast, he spoke, at an outdoor meeting in the Botanic Gardens, to more than forty thousand persons.

He was the chairman of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and presided over the convention called by that body during which the Christian Commission was founded. Of this he was also chosen chairman, as already narrated. And that responsibility was his through the harrowing days of the sixties, not merely as a presiding genius, but as a worker in season and out of season. There was no precedent to guide in the work. "We were hampered at first," he wrote, "by the prevalent feeling that sufficient agencies already existed for doing such a work as we contemplated; but this rapidly gave

way to the conviction that there was room for our organization as well as for the national and state organizations already in the field; and, toward the close of the war there was no organization which had a stronger hold than ours."

The work had the hearty indorsement of President Lincoln, of his officials, and of the generals of the armies, "and particularly," says Mr. Stuart, "that of General Grant, who on all occasions did everything in his power to aid us in ministering to the temporal and spiritual wants of our soldiers, sometimes stretching his authority in our favor."

And what gifts came in for this work! A poor sewing woman, an American living in England, sent a five-pound note to President Lincoln for Bibles for the wounded soldiers of the North. He asked John Hay, then one of his private secretaries, to send the note to Mr. Stuart, who bought the note, but not until he had "sold it over and over again, realizing from its repeated sale about a hundred thousand dollars."

A friend in Pittsburgh telegraphed Mr. Stuart to come there and bring a good speaker with him, and promised an offering of five thousand dollars. "No," answered Stuart, "I can't travel seven hundred miles for five thousand dollars, a sum which I could get in five minutes in Philadelphia; but I will go for twenty thousand." Back came the answer over the wire, "Come." On the night of the meeting, when Mr. Stuart spoke for two hours or more, and on the next morning, more than forty-four thousand dollars were raised.

On one occasion Mr. Stuart with three friends, one of whom was William E. Dodge, visited Camp Convalescent, about ten miles from Washington. A meeting held there lasted until ten o'clock at night. The party was obliged to leave for Washington, but the Colonel at first would not give them the necessary countersign for passing the sentinels on the way. However, he finally took Mr. Stuart aside, and told him that the magic word was Beverley. When about two miles from camp, the carriage was stopped by a sentinel. Mr. Stuart, stepping to the ground, advanced toward the sentinel, who with his gun pointed at the traveler, ordered him to halt, and give the countersign. He gave it, "Beverley."

"Mr. Stuart," said the sentinel, "you have got the wrong countersign."

"What is the right one?" he asked.

"I dare not give it to you, under penalty of death, and, had I not known your voice, I should have shot you on the spot."

The party returned to camp, and found the general in command, who gave them the right word, "Massachusetts." When Mr. Stuart once more came to the sentinel who had halted him, he inquired how the soldier had known his voice. The man explained that some years before he had heard him address a Sunday school in New York. Mr. Stuart then put his hand on the sentinel's shoulder and asked him if he had the countersign. "Thank God, I have!" was the answer.

"What is it?" asked Stuart.

"The blood of Jesus."

As they shook hands and bade each other good night, Mr. Stuart said, "With this countersign there will be no danger of your being halted at the gates of heaven."

Just before the fourth and last annual meeting of the Commission, in the House of Representatives, the friends of the Commission called on President Johnson, Secretaries Stanton and Seward, and the other members of the Cabinet. During each call the visitors held a brief prayer meeting. It had been suggested to Mr. Stuart that this plan might not be agreeable to President Johnson. But Stuart thought this made prayer in this case "all the more needful," and he called upon a bishop to offer prayer in Johnson's presence. There was no objection at all. "And having made this good beginning, we went on as we began," says Mr. Stuart with evident gratitude for this experience.

The Commission during the war distributed in money and goods $6,291,107, and directed the work of 4,859 agents, most of them unpaid, and nearly two hundred Christian women, serving at the front in hospitals. And it distributed 1,466,748 Bibles or Scripture portions, 8,603,434 books or pamphlets, 18,189,863 newspapers and magazines, and 30,368,998 pages of tracts. The chairman might well count this service as the most far-reaching of his life.

Mr. Stuart became one of General Grant's closest friends. On one of his visits to the army he called at General Grant's headquarters. When he was

about to leave, he asked the General if there was anything he could do for him in Philadelphia. Grant asked him if he could find a furnished house there for the Grant family. On the way to Philadelphia Mr. Stuart suggested to Stephen A. Colwell, who was with him, that money might be raised to buy Grant a house. Mr. Stuart called a meeting in his counting room, and no difficulty was found in raising more than forty thousand dollars for the house and lot, and enough to furnish the house comfortably. At the close of the war Grant presented Mr. Stuart with the log cabin in which he had spent the last months of the war. And by invitation of the City Council Mr. Stuart placed the cabin in Fairmount Park. Grant appointed him a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners upon which Stuart rendered great service in helping to do away with contract and supply abuses and scandals. On account of poor health he was unable to accept the invitation given by Grant to become a member of his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury.

When, in 1879, Mr. Stuart's firm went into liquidation, he lost his entire fortune, and he had to begin again at sixty-three. Some of his friends arranged to start a new bank, of which he was made president,—the Merchants National. The stock was at once oversubscribed. One capitalist who became a director, contrary to his custom up to that time, said that he was led to do this because of Mr. Stuart's kindness to him when, as a boy, he used to call at Stuart and Brothers on business for his employers.

In 1875 Mr. Stuart was the chairman of the Lay-

men's Committee having charge of the business matters in connection with the great Moody and Sankey meetings in Philadelphia. John Wanamaker had just bought the Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot at Thirteenth and Market Streets, and he gave the use of this for the meetings. When ready for the campaign, the building contained ten thousand nine hundred and sixty chairs. Mr. Stuart appreciated, as not all did, the need for arranging accommodations on a large scale. Concerning these preparations he wrote:

"While I was superintending the work of preparation, on a cold day in October, the building being unheated, one of our prominent ministers happened to come in, and asked me how many seats were being provided. When I told him the number he expressed great astonishment, saying, 'Why, Spurgeon could not fill these chairs on every week night but Saturday; and do you expect Moody to fill them?' I told him that I did. Shortly afterwards this same minister said to a friend of mine, after relating the circumstance referred to, that he never before thought that I was a fit subject for an insane asylum. While the doors were closed on a cold winter night in January, and orders had been given to allow no other persons to come in, the house being crowded, this same minister knocked at the door and had his card sent up to me on the platform, with a request that I would have him let in, which I did."

In all his activities Mr. Stuart was moved by an overpowering desire to serve. He was naturally

very diffident, and, as his son George H. Stuart, Jr., says, "until the revival of 1857, he was almost afraid to hear his own voice." He was a very methodical man, exact in every detail of business; and his two favorite mottoes were, "Occupy till I come," and, "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

He suffered severely from asthma, spending much of his time toward the close of his life at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, New York, and there doing much personal work for his Master. He was most magnetic and winsome, with the ability to become intimate on short acquaintance with men of all walks of life.

"If he had subordinated his religious enthusiasm to business opportunity," says his son, "he would have been very wealthy." But Mr. Stuart, while an able business man, put the business of the kingdom first, and consequently much was added to the sum total of his useful life.

A few days after his death in 1890, these lines were found in a letter case, where he had placed them:

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heavens that bend above me,
And the good that I can do;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lack resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

These lines sound the keynote of his life.

IV

Stephen Paxson

Pioneer and Light-Giver in the Middle West

A most satisfactory biography of this strikingly courageous and original pioneer in the field of religious education is the volume by his daughter, Belle Paxson Drury, "A Fruitful Life."

IV

STEPHEN PAXSON

THIS is the story of a lame and stammering boy of the pioneer days in the Middle West, a boy whose home was broken up by his father's death, and who had no schooling aside from the toil of the farm and a hatter's shop.

But this boy became so distinguished in the calling to which he was devoted in his mature manhood that he was in great demand as a speaker east and west. Thousands remember him with unspeakable gratitude because he was the first to give to them, over the wide area of his travels, good books, and the Sunday school.

Stephen Paxson, born in New Lisbon, Ohio, November 3, 1808, was the next to the youngest of the seven children of Joseph and Mary Lester Paxson. On the death of the father the mother was obliged to find homes for the children among strangers. Stephen was taken into the home of Quaker folk, who agreed to send him to school three months in the year. He was so nervous on his first day in school that his stammering prevented him from giving any of the information about himself that the teacher asked, and he was impatiently sent home to remain until he should learn to talk. That

ended his school days. He had, of course, no books, and he was kept at farm work.

This was interrupted by a severe illness which crippled him for months, in helplessness and agony, and made him lame for life. During this illness his kindly mistress, Euphemia Fagan, read aloud to him from the story of Oelar, a wandering Quaker preacher, and the boy was so deeply impressed that he determined some day to "travel all over the world"; but as he was ignorant and lame and unable to talk well, he was sure that he could not "hope to be helpful to others like the good man in the story."

To add to the difficulties that faced this much-distressed lad he became so lame that he could not even do farm work, so he was apprenticed to a hatter. He was called "stuttering Stephen." He could speak only with difficulty, and he could not read. But as he went home from work he would get his companions' help in learning the letters on the street signs, until he could read the names. This, and the study of old newspapers, enabled him to learn to read.

But Stephen could sing. As he sang his stuttering speech seemed freed from its bondage, and his memory for words and music was quick and retentive.

When he decided to strike out for himself, armed with his trade, his cane, his cheery songs, frank ignorance, and seventeen cents, he walked to the Ohio, started to work his passage down the river, and thus set forth on his remarkable life pilgrimage.

He went from state to state, working at his trade, learning by asking questions and by observation, and at twenty-one found himself in Tennessee. There, on one occasion, he wanted to cross a stream. The ferryman was absent, but he saw near the other side a girl in a boat. He asked her help. She gave it. They were interested in each other, and they became better acquainted. It made no difference to Stephen that the girl was the daughter of a man of prominence. In a few months he had won her; they were married October 18, 1830, and went to live in Virginia.

The Paxsons went to Illinois in 1838, and in Winchester Stephen met with substantial success in his trade. He was able to live comfortably, and provide educational advantages for his children. He was a worldly man, a particularly good dancer, in spite of his lame ankle, and he gave a fiddler a yearly retainer so that he might have music whenever he pleased. He stood entirely aside from the church, and was given over to worldly pursuits. As in the case of many another man of that type whose life course has been suddenly changed, he would have scoffed at the idea that he would ever do such work as that in which he became preëminent. But in the providence of God, this man's vision of his true place in the world came before long with overwhelming clearness.

A few years before the Paxsons went to Illinois, the American Sunday-School Union had resolved to "establish a Sunday school in every destitute place where it is practicable throughout the valley

of the Mississippi." That led to the organizing of a Sunday school at Winchester. In this school little Mary Paxson was a pupil. She promised one day to join with others in trying to bring one new pupil, but she could find no one among her playmates who would go. She told her father of this, and said, "Father, won't you go?" He did for her what probably no one else could have persuaded him to do, and to his amazement he was to take charge of a class of boys whose teacher was absent. Of course he was reluctant, protesting his ignorance. But the boys themselves persuaded him. And then followed this experience narrated by his biographer, which was pivotal in Stephen Paxson's life:

"He took his seat with them and the boys proceeded to read a chapter, helping their teacher to pronounce, whenever he came to a hard word in his verse.

"After the chapter was read, he supposed that was all there was to be done, and closed his book. But his little teacher said, 'Mr. Paxson, you must now ask us some questions on the lesson.'

"He glanced over the chapter, and not perceiving any questions there, he replied: 'Boys, I guess there are no questions in this chapter.'

"'Oh!' said Wesley Knox, who was spokesman for the class, 'you must go to the library and get a book which will show you what questions to ask.'

"'What do you call a library?' said Mr. Paxson.

"Wesley replied: 'Do you see that dry-goods box nailed up in the corner? Well, that's the library.'

"He went to it and said, 'Mr. Librarian, have you a book here that asks questions?' He was given a 'Union Consecutive Question Book' and returned to the class."

Even the simple use of this book was too much for him, and when the class adjourned Mr. Paxson realized more keenly than before how utterly ignorant he was. He was roused now to his own condition, and he proposed the same lesson for the next Sunday, so that he could study it thoroughly. And this man, who did not even know what a library was, lived to scatter Sunday-school libraries over the pioneer regions of the Middle West, and to point countless teachers and other workers to higher ideals of preparation and service.

Everything became new for him now. He was converted, and united with the Church. He began to study. He attended the home school in the mornings, and in the afternoons he was away in other neighborhoods, starting new schools or bringing old schools to life. Because of his ignorance and the inquiring state of mind he found among Sunday-school workers, he began to hold mass-meetings of neighboring schools, in which teachers exchanged experiences. This led him to arrange for county conventions, and thus he was a pioneer in the vast system of district, township, county and state conventions of which some seventeen thousand are now held annually in North America.

And now, under his larger call to service, Paxson believed that if he had been able to overcome his

lameness so well as to excel in dancing, and walk twenty miles a day even when blood oozed from his ankle, he ought to be able to overcome his stammering. He did discover how to do it, and he was quickened more than ever to broader service. He thought of the wilderness destitution, and he put himself wholly in God's hands for guidance, in his longing to give his whole time to meeting the need. Some things that had seemed important to this keen-minded business man had faded away in the light of the new vision.

In 1848 he was commissioned as a missionary by the American Sunday-School Union, largely through the influence of Dr. John Adams, from 1810 to 1833 principal of Phillips Andover Academy, and in 1833 active in religious work in Illinois. Paxson was to have a salary of one dollar a day for each day he worked. Because this was not enough upon which to live in the village, he moved to a piece of wilderness land in Pike County, and built a log cabin on Hickory Hill. From this place he traveled with horse and buggy up and down the region round about the new home, avoiding towns, and reaching in destitute places the solitary and the unevangelized.

One horse of his, "Robert Raikes," named for the chief founder of the modern Sunday school, became famous. "Bob" took his master on his journeyings about seventy-five thousand miles. Mr. Paxson said, "that horse wouldn't go by a schoolhouse without having his driver get out and visit it, any more than some horses would go by a county

tavern without stopping ; and he would always slow up when he saw a child by the roadside."

It was often hard for Stephen Paxson to impress upon the pioneers of that country their own needs. Sometimes in meetings he used to tell this story with an effectiveness that may well be imagined :

"I met a boy on the road one day. I stopped my horse and inquired of him the way to Mr. Brown's house. The lad was walking, so I asked him to get into my buggy and ride. As we jogged along I asked him questions, as is always my custom, in the hope of awakening some interest in his young mind for something above the sordid affairs of time. I began by asking him his age. 'Fourteen,' was the reply. I then inquired if he could tell me who died to save sinners. He responded promptly : 'Nobody has died for sinners in our neighborhood ; leastways, if anybody has, I never hearn tell of it.'

"I asked him if he would like to have a book which would tell him all about who died to save sinners.

"'Oh, yes!' was the response. 'I'd give a heap for a book, for I've been wanting something besides my old speller for a long time.'

"'How much would you give?' I inquired.

"He pulled out a handful of marbles and an old knife from his pocket, saying :

"'All I've got, these 'ere.'

"I explained to him that if he would attend the Sunday school I was about to organize near his home, he could get a new book to read every Sun-

day, and for nothing. He was delighted at the prospect, and said that if his father would let him off from fishing and hunting on that day, he would come 'certain.'"

When years had passed by, Mr. Paxson learned the sequel. The ignorant boy was awakened to a new life in that Sunday school, and was pursuing a course of study in college preparatory to entering the ministry.

The American Sunday-School Union, as time went on, used to have Mr. Paxson spend his winters in the East, telling the story of his work. The lame and stammering boy of the earlier days was now a man of rugged and commanding presence, eloquent, forceful, welcome in the strongest churches, and in whatever home was fortunate enough to have him as a guest.

He was not without temptations to turn aside from the specific task to which God had called him. One who knew his familiarity with western lands offered him fifty thousand dollars to invest, promising him an equal share in the profits. Paxson did not accept the offer. "Years afterwards," his daughter has said, "Mr. Paxson and his business friend compared notes. His friend had doubled the fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Paxson drew his memorandum book, pointed to the record that fifty thousand pupils had been gathered into Sunday school up to that time, and said, 'I would not alter the record or change the investment.'"

After thirty years of missionary travel Mr. Paxson was given the less taxing position of head of the

Book Depository of the American Sunday-School Union in St. Louis, and to that city he moved in 1868. There he proved himself a thorough business man. Each day's business must be done within the day. A left-over order he called a "cripple."

Still he attended conventions ; and he was always an outstanding figure in such gatherings. Everybody loved him. His daughter tells of the way he got on with others when traveling.

"It was interesting to see him enter a car full of people, all demurely reading or perfectly silent, as if afraid of some contamination if they touched or spoke to each other. Before he had been present a quarter of an hour, his keen eye had observed every face, and he discovered this man whom he once met in Maine, shook hands with that friend from Colorado, and bowed to a lady whom he once made superintendent of a Sunday school because no man could be found to fill the office. He would introduce these various people to one another, get them to take seats together, open his satchel and distribute music books to them, and to any strangers who would take them. He would remember having seen some men with musical instruments as he was passing through another car, and, retiring a moment, he would return with them. He would then decide upon some song all could sing, and the music and the singing would begin. Spectators, somewhat surprised at first at his proceedings, would naturally draw nearer and join in. As new people came in at the various stations, they would at first seat themselves demurely and look on wonderingly ; then, catching

the contagion of the good time the crowd were having, they would soon be one with them. So, plunging through the forest and sweeping over the plain, the noise of the singing and laughing—for he would sometimes tell a story between songs—mingled with the rumble of the train and the shriek of the engine, made the travelers feel the truth that 'all the world is kin.'"

Stephen Paxson's last letter was written to the wife of a man whom he was urging to become a Sunday-school missionary. He was already giving by word and deed that "higher rating" to the Sunday school still further given to it by men of large affairs in our own day. He organized more than thirteen hundred Sunday schools, with eighty-three thousand pupils and teachers. Out of his pioneer, far-reaching, and highly resultful service this obedient and self-forgetting worker passed quietly into the new country of his desire, and his last words were "Rest, rest, rest!"

The chairman of the first International Sunday-School Convention, held in 1872 at Indianapolis, said of him that which might rejoice the heart of any man: "You will find a broad belt of light through central Illnois and northern Missouri, caused by the labors for forty years of the pioneer Sunday-school missionary."

V

John H. Converse

Builder of Locomotives and Christian Enterprise

There is no full biography of Mr. Converse, but his life offers ample material for a volume of enduring value.

V

JOHN H. CONVERSE

If you had come unexpectedly into a committee room where John H. Converse was presiding, you would have thought him almost a visitor. Discussion might be lively enough around the table, but the quiet man at the head would seem to be merely a listener, until the talk showed signs of wandering from the point at issue, or until a decision needed to be reached. Then you would hear him say just a few words that resolved discussion, and brought conclusions.

It was so when one called on him in his modest office in the huge Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, of which he was the head. Sometimes he would stand for as much as a half hour at the rail of the outer office talking with some one who was likely to do most of the talking while Mr. Converse listened,—and decided. Or, again, he would invite the caller to an easy chair in the inner office, and sit down near him like a man of leisure, genial and kindly and attentive, yet not giving the impression that he thought either had time to waste. If, however, the visitor brought to him inflated ideas, he would puncture them so neatly that the listener hardly realized what had happened, and if the expressed ideas were vague, whether the caller knew

it at the beginning or not, he knew it when Mr. Converse got through with him.

Mr. Converse was a man of medium height, of fairly large frame, and with a face whose strong lines and sober expression would take on an unforgetably kind and friendly look when he was drawn into conversation. He was ordinarily reticent, but most approachable, and lavish in his bestowal of time and money. Governor Stuart of Pennsylvania said of him, as indicating Mr. Converse's devotion to good works, "He not only gives his money, but he is willing to shovel coal."

This sound-minded, generous-hearted man of large affairs grew up with the vast railroad interests of America, and indeed of the world. He was the fourth of the seven children of Rev. John Kendrick and Sarah Allen Converse, and was born in Burlington, Vermont, December 2, 1840. He was a public school boy, very independent in spirit, very much alive to neighborhood doings, and even then so much interested in railroads that he spent a good deal of his time about the yards, and made a wooden model locomotive for himself. He studied telegraphy, too, and as a boy of fourteen was the operator at Essex Junction, on what is now the Central Vermont Railway.

He entered the University of Vermont in 1857. He worked during vacations, and while station agent and operator he learned stenography. On another vacation he served as a reporter for the State Legislature. He took a high stand in scholarship, but when elected to Phi Beta Kappa, he did not

join at once because he did not have the five dollars for the pin.

Mr. Converse went into newspaper work after graduating from college. During his three years' connection with the Burlington Daily and Weekly Times, his duties included telegraphing, news-gathering, editorial writing and even the mechanical work of printing the sheet. He was one of the operators who could take telegraphic messages from sound, without reading the characters on the tape.

When Converse was twenty-four, he was offered the post of official reporter for the State of Vermont. This work was in the line of his ability, and might be a step toward larger public service. At the same time, however, he was offered a position as clerk in the office of Dr. Edward H. Williams, Superintendent of the Galena Division of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, to whose notice he had been brought through a college friend. The salary was less than in the state office, but young Converse felt that the railroad call was his chance for larger service, and he accepted it. It was a pivotal decision, for it introduced him at once to men and enterprises that shaped his business future, and to one man who set before him, as early as the sixties, evangelistic ideals that Mr. Converse was able to carry out and endow on a large scale forty years later. D. L. Moody was conducting services in a passenger car in the Chicago Railroad yards, and the young railroad man saw much of him.

In the two years spent in Chicago Mr. Converse had great responsibility. He was Doctor Williams'

right-hand man in everything. For some time he was his only clerk. He lived and worked among the fundamentals of railroading at a time of great expansion in properties and in the very intricate relations among the various roads. He was preparing for yet larger service, and was in contact with men of enterprise and vision.

At the opening of the Civil War, Thomas A. Scott was the General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was appointed Quartermaster General of Transportation. In that office he gained new views of the tremendous possibilities of the American railroad, and persuaded President Thompson of the Pennsylvania to let him seek the biggest available railroad man and put him in charge of the operating departments. Scott went west into the heart of the newer railroad country, and there selected Doctor Williams as the man he wanted, and brought him to Altoona, Pennsylvania, in 1866. John Converse came with him.

A few years later the Pennsylvania had a great strike to contend with, the burden of which rested so heavily upon Doctor Williams that his health was somewhat broken. In 1870 he bought an interest in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, sending Mr. Converse on ahead of him as his representative until he should himself appear on the scene of action. And Converse very early started in to modernize the conduct of the concern's business. He introduced office methods then radical in their newness, though now considered essentials of good business.

Up to that time there were no specifications for

the building of the firm's locomotives. An inquiry would come from a road for a locomotive of a certain type, and a price would be given by a personal hand-written letter from one of the firm. When the order was received, it was filled on the basis of the price and purely general description of the type and size desired. Mr. Converse was instrumental in changing this method to the careful specification plan. He became a member of the firm in 1873.

The hard work of the partner counted. In 1866, when Matthias W. Baldwin died, the works were turning out one hundred and eighteen locomotives a year. Mr. Converse lived to see the production rise to two thousand a year.

Mr. Converse was always a hard worker, even in the days of changing health and growing wealth. When, during the last twenty years of his life, he was relieved of the most of his office work, he spent himself more freely than ever in religious enterprises, and in civic causes.

It was his habit to leave his suburban home at Rosemont in time to reach his office at eight; then he worked until the late afternoon hours. He laid great responsibility upon his younger coworkers. In 1890 he was about to take his first trip to Europe. As the day of sailing drew near, his partner, Alba B. Johnson, expectantly awaited some final instructions from his senior. But the routine went on quite as usual. On the afternoon before he was to leave Philadelphia, Mr. Converse was at the works until late, and at six o'clock he left the office, simply saying good-by to those about him. During his ab-

sence he sent no directions as to the commercial operation of the great establishment. That was Mr. Converse's way with men upon whom he relied. Others he would not have around him.

It was so in details also. When Mr. Johnson was his clerk and right hand in all sorts of details, Mr. Converse would go over the daily mail with him. He would mark "yes" or "no" on the letters, hand them over to his helper, and then the clerk would clean that mail up within the day; and it would include a great variety of matters having to do with orders, sales, negotiations, specifications, et cetera. It was left to Mr. Johnson to prepare nearly all the answers. That was great training for the younger man, and it showed how Mr. Converse himself had learned the art of executive management by his own early and later experiences.

It was this far-sighted and whole-hearted reliance upon men in training that as much as any other one habit of mind gave to Mr. Converse time for Christian work outside his office. He did not worry. His faith was not a mere theory to be preached in words, but a practical matter to be applied to daily living. He concentrated upon the task in hand, and did not take on the needless burdens of an unseen future. His whole nature turned with increasing zeal to Christian service of many kinds, but most of all to the work of evangelism. Individual soul-winning engaged him far more than most of those associated with him in organized work could realize.

One day he telephoned to Henry Clay Trumbull,

then a shut-in, to inquire if he might bring to call upon him a man whom Mr. Converse was trying to lead to Christ. He thought that perhaps Doctor Trumbull might be able to add something to what had already been said. Accordingly, he drove in a carriage to Doctor Trumbull's home, with the man in whom both were now interested, and the three had the interview that the man of large business did not count too small to occupy his time.

In April, 1898, D. L. Moody was not very far from the close of his earthly life, and John H. Converse was giving time lavishly and money in large sums to the work of the kingdom. At the April meeting of the Presbyterian Social Union in Philadelphia, Mr. Moody was the speaker, and Mr. Converse was present. Mr. Johnson thus describes that occasion :

"Mr. Moody took for his subject the mistakes which had been made by him during his evangelistic work, and especially his failure to create a permanent evangelistic committee to perpetuate the revival work which, with Ira D. Sankey, he had carried on in Philadelphia during the winter of 1875–1876. Growing eloquent with his subject, he challenged the churches of Philadelphia to take up this work and retrieve the errors of his earlier experience. He declared that the churches of Philadelphia should raise a million dollars annually for evangelistic work. At the close of his address there was no other speaker arranged to follow him, and Mr. Converse moved that the subject be referred to a committee. Mr. Converse was appointed

chairman of this committee, and believing that the work should not at the outset be hampered for funds, he contributed twenty-five thousand dollars annually, for three years, to establish it upon a firm basis. This was the beginning of summer evangelistic services in Philadelphia, which have since been continuously maintained. The subject of evangelism was then brought before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The local work having been entrusted to a committee charged with the duty of raising the funds for its continuance, Mr. Converse assumed the burden of national evangelism. As this great work expanded, his interest in it increased. He placed J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., with competent assistants, in charge, who, after holding meetings with great success in different parts of America, carried the work to Australia, the Philippines, China, Korea, Japan, Canada, England and Wales.

"Mr. Converse's enthusiasm in carrying the gospel to every creature was so great, that during his lifetime he created a trust fund of two hundred thousand dollars, the income of which was to be used to conduct the work during his lifetime and guarantee its continuance after his death."

The story is told of one of the numberless benefactions of Mr. Converse which might not pass the censorship of regulated charities, but which nevertheless warms the heart. A man, evidently a habitual drunkard, used to call quite often to see Mr. Converse, and invariably would receive money from him. During a somewhat prolonged absence of Mr.

Converse, it fell to Mr. Johnson's lot to care for this dependent. He persuaded the man to take a cure for the drink habit, sent him to the institution at his own expense, and was rejoiced to find the man restored to sane living once more. But it was not long before he appeared again in the old condition, and Mr. Johnson decided he ought not to give him any more money. When Mr. Converse returned, the man resumed his visits, with the usual result.

"Mr. Converse," asked Mr. Johnson one day, "I wish you would tell me just why you keep on giving money to that man, when he is so obviously unworthy?"

"Come inside," said Mr. Converse. They passed into the inner private office. Turning to his questioner the older man said with an earnestness not to be forgotten:

"Mr. Johnson, when I think of God's mercy to me, in spite of all my faults, I cannot withhold the little that I can do."

Nothing more was said on that subject.

Even Mr. Converse's large gifts seemed to him inadequate. One day toward the close of his life when he was at lunch with Mr. Johnson, he was asked what form of giving he favored most. Mr. Converse thought his friend referred to methods of giving, and replied:

"Many men give a tenth of their income, and feel that that amount has been established by Scripture and by custom among Christians; but the mercies which my heavenly Father has bestowed upon me have been such as to make me feel that a

tenth would not begin to requite him. In the last few years I have been giving away from two-thirds to three-fourths of my income."

His friend and partner already knew that in one of these years when business conditions prevented the Works from making a profit, these gifts amounted to about six hundred thousand dollars.

It is well to know the factors that entered into the success of a man like John H. Converse, as revealed in his habits and achievements. He was a worker. He was an executive. He was a man of methodical habits, sound sense, and conservative views. He had no desire for ostentation. It was a long while before he would buy an automobile, even when the machines had become comparatively common. He was as faithful and as thorough in keeping the Minutes of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital as he was in the big affairs of the Works.

After he was fifty years old he learned to play the violin, and others of his family learned other instruments. On Thursday evenings it was his habit to use the services of two professional musicians, who would lead him and his family in concert music. And this man of simple tastes and large affairs gathered in his home, "Chetwynd," a collection of fine paintings notable for its distinctive examples of the works of modern masters.

The range of his interests included the directorate of several banks; societies devoted to the arts and sciences; educational institutions; the official boards of his home church at Bryn Mawr, and of Calvary

Church in Philadelphia; the Bible class that he taught; and the world-wide evangelistic work that he organized and endowed.

Heavy sorrows came to Mr. Converse in his closing years, but he did not abate his zeal for Christ's kingdom. The sudden death of his wife in 1906 was a severe shock to him. In the same year the failure of a bank in which he was a director, through the dealings of one who was widely trusted, bore upon him heavily both on account of the nature of the case and the obligations that he with others chose to assume to guard stockholders against any loss.

Underneath all the urgency of spirit and competent grasp of practical affairs that marked Mr. Converse so distinctively was a very simple and humble Christian faith. Mr. Johnson has told thus of one occasion on which he came to his older friend with a very real spiritual problem:

"Some years ago, when much concerned with respect to certain religious problems, I read in a nominally religious, but actually agnostic, magazine various articles discrediting theological beliefs which I had always held sacred. At last, one of these appeared so convincing in its logic and so damaging in its effect, that it seemed to sweep away the foundations of my religious belief. I brought the periodical to Mr. Converse and asked him to read it and tell me what he thought of it. He read it through carefully, and then stated that it did not shake his faith nor cause him anxiety, because it did not alter the fundamental fact upon which his

faith in Jesus Christ was based, namely, that Jesus came into the world to save the people from their sins, and that no other religion ever had or ever could save from sin. The influence of his simple, impregnable faith exercised a powerful effect upon me, as it has done upon many others."

Perhaps nothing can reveal the inner life of Mr. Converse more clearly, or better define the dynamic that accounts for his noble service in business and in religious work, than a letter that he wrote in response to a request for a statement on the subject, "Why I am a Christian":

"By the grace of God, I try to be a Christian because I am conscious of my own natural sinfulness and selfishness, and find in Jesus only my hope of salvation from my sins and from the punishment due to them.

"I am a Christian because the life and teachings of Christ impress me as the most sublime and perfect system of truth ever revealed to man. Surely 'no man ever spake like this man.' No human philosophy can so satisfy the soul.

"I am a Christian because Christ has revealed to me the love of God, and I feel that I may trust him implicitly to care for me and protect me. 'His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace.'

"And finally I am a Christian because I feel that the only true way of happiness and peace, both for this life and the life which is to come, lies in following, as nearly as may be, in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Is not this a disclosure of the real heart of a man who to a remarkable degree was enabled of God to join business and religion in a working partnership?

VI

John S. Huyler

Friend of the Outcast

The story of this abounding life is found chiefly in a privately printed volume, "In Memory of John S. Huyler."

VI

JOHN S. HUYLER

THERE is far more in a box of "Huyler's" than fine confectionery.

Thousands of waifs and strays, thousands of redeemed and renewed men and women, thousands of young men of education in all walks of life would see beneath that widely advertised name what the unknowing world cannot; for literally thousands, more, indeed, than can be numbered, have cause to be grateful to the man behind the product, to the man who used his great business as an instrument to be placed at God's disposal for use in uplifting and caring for others.

John S. Huyler was born in New York City, June 28, 1846. His father was a successful baker and confectioner. John was educated in the public schools, and then assisted his father. But he had such enterprise and business vision that he soon began to work out ideas that proved to be highly successful. "Huyler's Taffy, Fresh Every Hour" was the beginning of his large confectionery business, with its sixty stores, and widely scattered agencies the world over. In 1881 the business was incorporated, with the father, David Huyler, as president, and, upon his father's death in 1885, John S.

Huyler succeeded him in the presidency of the Company.

His call to Christian service did not come to him, or at least was not recognized by him, in the beginning of his career, but it came in time for him to put into liberal practice the conviction that became a part of his very being. On the closing night of the year 1886 Mr. Huyler had planned to meet some of his friends at midnight, to see the old year out and the new year in. The celebration was to be not unlike those with which the down-town life of big cities is familiar to-day.

On his way to meet his friends Mr. Huyler happened to think of a check he had received that very day. He had not even glanced at the amount. He had simply thrust it into his pocket, with his mind on the evening's plan. But now, under a gaslight in the street, he pulled out that piece of paper which represented his share of the Huyler profits for the year. The figures surprised him. They were very much more than he had supposed; they were so large, in fact, that the responsibility for the use of such a sum flashed upon him with startling effect. He had reached the real turning point of his life. In telling of the occasion he said, "I realized that I must do one of two things, either give up the careless way in which I had been using my money, or else God only knew what the result would be, with so much money at my disposal."

As he stood there with the check in his hand, deeply impressed with the new view of his life that had so suddenly come to him, he remembered that in

the small hall where what is now the great Calvary Methodist Church began its work, a watch meeting was in progress. Turning resolutely from his down-town engagement, he went instead to the watch meeting. That decision was fraught with blessing for him, and for the world. Huyler found his mother kneeling at the altar as he entered, and without a word from anyone, he went forward, and knelt beside her. There, in that watch meeting, he was face to face with reality, and this was the beginning of new things in the life of this able and warm-hearted man.

It was only a few months after this that he was in Paris. One night, in the midst of the gayety of the boulevards, he faced, as an observer, another crisis, and then and there he came to his final determination to turn from the world's allurements, and to give himself unreservedly to God's service.

That decision put Mr. Huyler's business at God's disposal. It was a prosperous business. Mr. Huyler was alert and energetic in his methods, a money-maker by natural talent and by training. As his wealth increased, and his interests widened, he said to his secretary concerning his gifts to various causes: "Hereafter, please put on every check, and write it large, 'M. P. Account.' The money I give belongs to My Partner who loved me and gave himself for me. I am simply his agent in passing it out to the people."

His money did not come from the grudging toil of unhappy and slaving workers, but from cheery coöperation of employees who well knew his friend-

ship for them. One of his saleswomen wrote : "He was never too busy to have a cheery 'Good-morning' and a kind and encouraging word for the humblest of his people. It was his custom to give his girls two weeks' vacation with pay every year, a turkey at Thanksgiving time, and at Christmas a week's salary, and a two-pound box of candy. He offered to all membership in the Young Women's Christian Association and the privilege of taking music or any other course they desired, free of expense to them." And one of his men has said : "His heart was always ready to help. But back of all the money help was the question, Could he help that man's soul? Every now and then he would come around and say, 'Well, John, how is the family, how are the wife and the little children?' Then the next question would be, 'How close are you to Jesus?'"

As his means increased, Mr. Huyler traveled widely. He would go into the Maine woods for a vacation, and there become interested in the personal life of his wilderness guide. When in London, he would seek out a missionary working among the very poor, and insist on sharing his experiences with him. It was not the scenery or the sights that seemed to have greatest hold upon him ; it was the people whom he could meet and encourage, and perhaps surprise into unexpected happiness by his help. As one who knew him said :

"When he saw the multitudes, he had compassion upon them. He felt as Christ felt. You have walked with him, have you not? on the streets of Paris, or London, or New York, keen in the repartee

of some gay theme or serious in the consideration of some plan of uplift, and in the very climax of amusement, in mid-sentence of discussion his attention would be drawn—where? You followed the gaze of his fine, kind eyes and found a limping dog, a stalled horse, a beggar, an old woman of the street loud with the flushed gayety which tells of a soiled life and a broken heart, a navvy sweating in a trench, a street vender crying his wares, a newsboy trying to work off his last papers for the night. To him the folk were weary and worn, as sheep having no shepherd. He saw them blind, lame, halt, starving, broken-hearted, as Christ saw them. This made him a chevalier in benevolence, a knight of Jesus for the protection of the helpless and the rescue of the unfortunate."

Upon one occasion he said to Bishop Burt, "I had so much fun the last time I was in Turin." And this was the fun. He was stopping in a prominent hotel near the river. One day he saw the women washing clothes at the river edge. To him they seemed overworked and underfed. He went back to his hotel, ordered a large table set on the terrace, explaining that he wanted to have some of his friends at dinner. When the table was ready, Mr. Huyler himself went down and invited the women to dine. To their appearance on the terrace the waiter at the table strongly objected. The host relieved him by saying. "These are my friends; I will pay the bill." And the women enjoyed their dinner, but not more than Mr. Huyler did the scene.

Nowhere was Mr. Huyler more at home and more

loved, outside of his own home, than in mission work among the most forlorn men the streets could furnish. His first visit to the famous McAuley Mission in Water Street, to which for years he devoted so much time and money, is described by John H. Wyburn, the successor of Samuel H. Hadley in charge of that work :

"I was present the first night Mr. Huyler ever came down to the Water Street Mission, many years ago, and I shall never forget it as long as I live. Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of The Christian Herald, had for a year been paying for the free suppers which for many years have been given to this Mission, and Mr. Hadley was telling the boys that that would be the last supper night. Then Mr. Huyler stepped in, and offered to take the place that Doctor Klopsch had occupied for a year. Mr. Hadley then called upon him to pray, and, as you know, he was never much of a public speaker, never said very much when he came down here, although his presence was a benediction to all of us. Looking up, he said, 'I feel that I need your prayers just as much as the men who are gathered forward at the mercy seat,' and added, 'I want you to pray for me now.' It seemed to me that Mr. Huyler went away from this room with more joy and peace and gladness in his heart and in his life than anything else could have brought."

Again, another noted mission worker, John Callahan, tells of Mr. Huyler's generous thoughtfulness for those in need : "Nothing did him more good than to see the poor men gathered together, partak-

ing of that big corned-beef sandwich and hot cup of coffee, and I used to look at him, where he couldn't see me, and I used to watch his face as they ate; and it just delighted him to see them eat, those five hundred men on Saturday nights."

Nearly fifty thousand men each year were fed by this generous almoner of God's bounty, in the Hadley Rescue Hall, and about twenty thousand were given comfortable lodgings by him. His friends at the Mission usually knew whose voice they would hear at the other end of the telephone when a call would come on a bad winter's night.

"Is that you, Brother John?" the voice would inquire.

"Yes, sir."

"Pretty cold night, to-night, John. Got many in the hall to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put every poor man to bed to-night."

From a window in his comfortable home Mr. Huyler had looked out into the night, saying to one who was near him:

"This is a bad night for the boys on the street. What will the poor fellows do who have no place to sleep to-night?"

Then the telephone call, and beds for perhaps as many as two hundred wanderers.

But his ministry was not at the arm's length of the telephone in remoteness from the conditions he tried to ameliorate. He was often at the Mission. He entered into the problems and needs of others, keenly feeling their burdens. One who was in-

volved in serious business troubles asked his counsel. Mr. Huyler left his office, went to Troy, New York, with this man to help him straighten out his tangle, and slept with him in the same bed in an unheated room during a cold night. In that room, before retiring, Mr. Huyler went down upon his knees in prayer asking God to solve the problem. To the man's relief and amazement, the matter was settled readily in conference the next day.

With all his interest in the bodily welfare of men, it is significant to note that John S. Huyler had a motive that flowed like the mid-current of the stream through all his uplift work. To one of his friends he said: "What interests me, more than material comforts, is that these men shall learn about Jesus Christ. When they are hungry they need food; if they have no clothing, they need that clothing; if they haven't a bed, they need that bed; but that is not what they really need. We give them that because that is a material necessity; but what they really need is to have those bodies really become temples of the Holy Ghost; what they need is to have a new motive, a new aspiration, a new aim." "And that is why," said his friend, "he liked Water Street and the Christian Alliance, and other interests dear to his heart, because while these institutions recognized that the souls they were trying to save were in bodies that needed attention, it was the souls first of all that were their genuine concern, and this was also the first concern of this godly man."

That motive will lead any man who follows it out

into beneficent excursions in the field of human life wherever found, and will inspire the most extraordinary activity in service. Men could not understand how Mr. Huyler could find time for all that he did. He was either president, vice president, director or trustee of no less than seventeen charitable or educational institutions, a member in nearly fifty societies, and a member of eighteen clubs—all outside of his business interests. And night after night would find him engaged in mission work, while his secretary says that in a single year seventeen thousand persons passed his desk to ask Mr. Huyler for aid of some kind. It is known, too, that in the last ten years of his life Mr. Huyler gave away an average of a thousand dollars a day to the multitude of objects that claimed his interest. The index of his benevolence ledger might be taken almost as a directory of the principal charities known to givers of his day, and more than that, for it contains very many names of pensioners and others quite unknown to the world.

Mr. Huyler's heart seemed to be set upon improving everything he touched. He would observe the crude product in any form and then study to make it over into perfection in its sphere. So characteristic was this habit of mind that he applied it to himself just as much as to anyone else, in his own growth in efficiency. He had one novel method for doing this, which explains the numerous long mirrors in his offices. In his interviews with others he would sit where he could see his visitor and himself in a mirror, and he would study closely, in this objective

way, the impression his words were making, his bearing as he talked, and his visitor's response in outward signs. He did this not to enjoy the scene, but to perfect himself in the fine points of mastery and effectiveness in conversation.

So educative had he found this method that he tried it on a visitor one day for quite another purpose. An old acquaintance, who had been drinking, and showed it, called to see him. There were others in the office when the man was admitted to see Mr. Huyler. But that made no difference to this very practical philanthropist. He greeted the man cordially, and asked him to be seated.

"Now," cried Mr. Huyler, "just look at yourself!" To the man's dismay he was face to face with himself in a big mirror. "What do you think of yourself? What sort of condition is that for a man to be in?"

The visitor took a good look, and then broke down completely.

This man of many affairs gave himself without stint to improve the human product all around him. When he would leave his busy office for home he would walk a part or the whole of the way, and needy men lay in wait for him, knowing his habits. He did not dodge, he did not change his habits. He would walk and talk with these men, sometimes giving them tickets good at the Water Street Mission, sometimes money, and, perhaps best of all, sound counsel that would lead them out of their distresses. Sometimes he would stop at a store window, just to lead some poor fellow to speak to him, and

then, handing him money, he would say in his kindly way, "That's God's money ; will you use it carefully ? " Men sometimes refused to receive the money on those terms.

It was so at the beginning of his day as well as at the ending. When he would leave his home, to walk to his office, he would soon be joined by some one who needed help. And all day long men would be calling at his house for Water Street tickets good for a meal or a bed. Some in the family thought it would be better to have a regular hour for ticket distribution there, so the hour of five to six in the afternoon was set. Within a few days, it was found that about seventy-five men would gather at that time, a crowd quiet and orderly indeed, but not so readily helped as on the all-day plan, to which a return was speedily made.

When Mr. Huyler died at his summer home at Rye, New York, on October 1, 1910, he had given far more than money to the needy and the sinning and the downtrodden. He had added one more to that list of able and highly successful men of business whose radiant spiritual life and unstinted service for others utterly confutes the pessimist who holds that business and religion do not mix. They do. And the combination is one well worth learning.

VII

David D. Wood

The Blind Musician and Teacher

His full biography has never been written, but his life is written in his music, and in the achievements of the blind and the seeing whom he trained.

VII

DAVID D. WOOD

On an October day in the year 1843, a canal boat drew away from its moorings in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. On the deck a five-year-old boy was crying bitterly. His mother stood on the bank bravely bidding him good-by, but he could not see her. He could only stretch out his pleading hands to her, for David Wood had been blind since he was two-and-a-half years old, and the thought of his journey away to school, in far-off Philadelphia, seemed more than he could bear.

When he reached the school, The Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, he was more lonely than those of us who have sight could possibly be. More than fifty years later, when the institution was about to move into new quarters in Overbrook, he visited the room in which he slept on that first night. "The same old Venetian window blinds," he wrote, "the tassels of which I reached out of bed and played with, were still there. How dismal that first night was! Fancy a poor, dejected boy, far from all that was dearest to him on earth, with no voices save those of strangers, and no sounds of any kind that were at all familiar, lying awake and counting the hours as the watchman called them out

in his melancholy tone. Was it any wonder I lay there and cried until I thought my heart would break?"

While he was still a small boy, he was given various musical instruments to try, and in the school orchestra he played upon the flute. He began to play the organ when he was twelve, but he took up the serious study of it at fourteen. At fifteen, he was an assistant teacher of music in the school; before he reached the advanced age of eighteen, he had won a prize for musical composition, and he was not yet nineteen when he went out from the school to take his part in the world of music. James G. Blaine, who was chief teacher in the school from 1852 to 1856, is said to have remarked to George W. Childs, then owner of the Public Ledger: "If David Wood, the famous organist, had turned his attention to science, he would have been the greatest mathematician of the age. However, there is compensation in the thought that what science lost, music gained." And in this many a student would agree with Mr. Blaine, because of the world of interest and service opened out to him by this rare teacher.

What obstacles David Wood had to overcome, only the blind can know. In strong Christian faith, and with buoyant courage he reached out into the difficult field of his life work. Some of his early struggles for a livelihood showed the stuff of which he was made. One of his pupils writes: "So ambitious was he to become established in his profession that he hesitated to undertake

nothing in the line of teaching. Upon one occasion, a young lady applied to him for lessons on the accordion. Now the art of drawing forth sweet strains from that melodious instrument was not one of Mr. Wood's accomplishments, but he agreed to give the lessons desired,—tactfully borrowing the book of instructions from his prospective pupil. In the interim between the day of making the arrangements and that of the first lesson, he had mastered the art of accordion-playing, which he transmitted to his pupil through a prolonged course of study."

He became the director and chief instructor of music in the school for the blind in 1887, and continued in that work until the day of his death, in 1910. His teaching work was so extensive within and without the school that probably three fourths of the organists in Philadelphia are either pupils of his, or of those whom he taught. He was the teacher of the organ for many years in The Philadelphia Musical Academy, where many of the best organists were educated. Seven years after leaving the school as a pupil, he became the organist of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, a position that he occupied to the close of his life.

David Wood's real preëminence among men did not go unrecognized. His native city, Pittsburgh, in making up a list of her first thirty citizens and sons, included him among the number with such men as Brashear, the astronomer; Andrew Carnegie, the philanthropist; Riddle, the theologian, and Westinghouse, the inventor.

When I first heard David Wood play, it was not merely that I heard the wonderful music he produced from the organ ; my recollection of that first experience of his music included very vividly the fact that I saw him play. Not that he indulged in violent motions or emphatic leaps and starts, such as some organists are wont to use. On the contrary, he seemed more like one who was listening to the playing of some hidden spirit within the organ. There he sat on the organ bench beyond and above the terraced choir of a hundred voices at the great Temple Baptist Church in Philadelphia, where he played in the Sunday evening services,—a solitary, quiet figure, bending close to the manuals with head slightly inclined, as when one listens intently ; and up from the touch of his fingers came that glory of rising and falling cadences which he brought forth with the refinement of a loving purpose and consummate art.

One quite forgot that he was blind. The sight of the eyes might have been at its highest power in the master personality bending over the organ manual, if the hearer were to judge by the accuracy of touch, the instant combining of stops, and the reading of difficult scores. There was no written music, indeed, before him, but one wondered then—and the more one knew him the more the marvel grew—that the tablets of memory could retain so much material in endless variety of theme and form. But that memory had been rigidly trained and knew how to carry burdens. In the days when Mr. Wood could not afford to employ anyone to

read music to him, he had to depend upon his friends for this. He learned to memorize without an instrument. He would sit in the drug store of a friend, and listen with the intentness and concentration of the blind, as the druggist, in the intervals of trade, would read the notes of the printed score to him. A pupil of his later life says that one day Doctor Wood asked him to listen while he played over a certain anthem. "I haven't played this for years," said Doctor Wood. "I want to use it to-morrow with my choir. Will you follow the music as I play it over, and let me know where I make any mistake?" But there was no mistake. The blind organist played it as if from the score itself. Indeed, there seemed something almost magical about the sensitiveness of his hearing, as well as in its registering on the memory. He could hear so delicately that he would often stop his pupils as they played their lessons over, and correct their fingering!

It was hard to realize that he could not see, for there was nothing at the organ which he could not do. But one was soon assured upon hearing him play that only the seeing organist of rarest heart and culture and genius could approach the depth of understanding, the purity of technical skill, and the poetic breadth of spiritual vision that David Wood revealed. "His touch has a sympathy and pathos all its own," wrote Dr. S. D. McConnell, a rector of St. Stephen's. "It has been purchased at a great price. God and himself alone know the cost. It would seem that no lower price would

serve. God does not act blindly even when he imposes blindness. He secures his ends by the most direct means. The love and admiration which we give to our dear friend and Maestro could probably have been won for him at no less a cost. Probably no congregation in America has been blessed with music which in form and quality and precision, and, above all, in reverence and devotion, leaves so little to be desired."

"I have always regarded Mr. Wood as one of the real inspirations of my life and ministry," wrote Dr. Ellwood Worcester, also a rector of St. Stephen's. "His music to me was different from that of any other organist. There was a quality in everything Mr. Wood played which makes other organ-playing seem almost coarse, an element of thought, depth, intellectuality, purity which very few organists, I imagine, have ever attained. The communion service in my mind is always associated with Mr. Wood and his wonderful improvisations, which were so unobtrusive and so haunting that one can never forget them."

After all, was not the veil that closed his physical eyes to things of the material world about him the barrier that turned his whole being into seeing, with other eyes, the things that are hidden from us?

It was wonderful to see him leading a large chorus of blind singers from the school. Let the reader think of the most difficult oratorio, the most glorious, he ever heard. And who are singing on that platform before a great audience of musicians and music-lovers, with an orchestra, or without it?

Blind boys and girls, erect, attentive, alive to every hint from the leader. By what channels, unused by those of us who see, can that company of trained singers have gained the training they have so evidently received! One listens in vain to discover a halting voice, a note just a fraction of a beat behind the others, a break somewhere in that orderly glory of song. But the listener ceases to be a critic. He simply listens in amazement and joy. That was the work of David Wood; to go into the dark—a dark that would not end on this earth for him, or for any of those singers—and there, in the gloom, to say to those young people:

"You and I are to see what our brothers and sisters with sight may not see. Here we shall look without distraction into the soul of Mendelssohn and Mozart and Bach and Handel, and shall learn in time to give forth from that intimacy the music which they intended the world should possess."

These pupils of his were far more to him than just so many more or less trying novices who had to be dragooned into shape. They were real folks with souls, and whether they were blind or seeing, Mr. Wood meant that they should see more of the soul of things than of the mere surface. Says one student: "Some of the most valuable lessons were learned from Mr. Wood in the short talks after a music lesson. At such times he would discourse on many and varied themes. From his inexhaustible store of information he scattered the seeds of knowledge into the eager minds of his pupils." Another who knew him well says: "Those who were his

pupils think of him now more than ever as the master, because of the depth and beauty of his character. It was a common sight to see him between lesson periods with a pupil on each arm, walking and talking in the corridors.

"Once, when a brilliant piano pupil of his lost her right arm in a railroad accident in the very year of graduation, he yet brought her through the recital ordeal, having found or written for her music for the left hand only. I am sure she feels that no other master could have so given her the courage to persevere. Like many another of his blind pupils she has since made a pronounced success as a teacher."

This breadth of knowledge and keenness of interest in the persons under his tutelage was shown also in his letters and other writings on varied themes. He thought deeply, and wrote freely on many subjects in which he seemed as much at home as any man of intellectual power who could browse when and where he pleased among books, and mingle with men of affairs. Some of his cherished ideals that help to explain the course of his own life are disclosed in this passage from an essay of his on "Method," and they are suggestive as coming from a man who all unconsciously embodied them in his remarkable service to others:

"The successful merchants, the eminent professional men, the great generals, the astute statesmen, the profound scholars, the men distinguished for piety, men whose examples we would follow and whose virtues we would strive to emulate, are those

who have risen to eminence by using every legitimate means in their power to elevate and ennoble humanity, rather than by speculating on its weaknesses. Men, not of ideas only, but men of action: and their deeds live on—the very embodiment of true wisdom and noble philanthropy.

"The poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, artists of every description, whose names stand first on the roll of fame, are those who have labored most consistently; and their works remain to us not only as monuments of exquisite taste and beauty, but also as models of purity and sound method.

"In estimating the true value of any work of genius, we too often lose sight of the fact that any method whatever was required in its development; and we are apt to regard its production simply as a matter of spontaneous growth—so easy it seems for a great man to do a great thing. Nor do we rightly consider the enormous price that genius is frequently compelled to pay for its victories. What restless strivings! What mental exhaustion! What prodigious loss of nervous force! We, who never get beyond the outer court of the temple, can know but little of the sacrifice that is laid upon the altar.

"Whatever we do best in this world, we do it practically first, and theoretically afterwards. We lisp our prayers at our mother's knee, and prattle forth our childish glee, long before we have any knowledge of the rules which govern our speech. If we wish to succeed as artisans, we must go to the workshop rather than the schoolroom. Is it our ambition to become rulers of men? A just and

right judge learns to obey the laws of his country before attempting to dispense them. Do we desire to grow in every Christian grace and virtue? Then let us engage in some definite Christian work. 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.' This is the Master's injunction—it is an eternal truth. 'If ye do, ye shall know,' is the law that obtains everywhere and always. It is the law of the spiritual world working itself downward into the natural: moving along the line of least resistance, and finding a ready lodgment in the hearts and minds of those who will accept it and be controlled by it. It is a fragment of the angels' song 'Peace on earth.' It is the star leading all wise men, first to Bethlehem's manger, then forward to the golden gates of that blest city where Bethlehem's Babe is the everlasting king."

It was on Easter Sunday in the year 1910 that David Wood passed into the new day, while his choir in St. Stephen's was singing the "Gloria in Excelsis." He had made great preparations, as usual, for his Easter music, but another was now at the organ.

One who sang in that choir says that when David Wood was a little boy, bewildered by the continued darkness in which he found himself, he used to plead with his mother for freedom from that darkness. "Take me out into the light! Take me out into the light!" he would cry, unable to understand that he was not to see the light again with his mortal eyes. But surely on that Easter Day David Wood stood at last in a flood of light.

How many there are who have cause for gratitude to this brave and inspiring personality, whose call to service was answered by faith-filled overcoming of such obstacles as few men ever know !

VIII

William E. Dodge

Master of Big Business and Philanthropy

The full story of this amazingly active life is found in "Memorials of William E. Dodge," compiled and edited by his son, D. Stuart Dodge, and in Carlos Martyn's "William E. Dodge, the Christian Merchant."

VIII

WILLIAM E. DODGE

An overflowing life like that of William Earl Dodge is nothing short of marvelous in its steady output of energy and its long-sustained intensity in many spheres of usefulness. He was a pioneer in American big business; a philanthropist with a bewildering variety of interests; a political force in his neighborhood and in the nation; a power in the religious life of his time; an accessible, humane and unspoiled helper of his fellow man wherever he could give of his bounty in money, or counsel, or encouragement.

He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, September 4, 1805. His father was the owner of two dry-goods stores, and when William was yet a child the father opened a branch house in New York, in partnership with S. and H. Higginson of Boston.

The boy was trained in a business atmosphere from the beginning. His mother gave him his first schooling, but otherwise his school life was much broken; and when he was thirteen, he was taken into a wholesale dry-goods house by the Merrit Brothers in New York as a clerk. He did well there, but his father took charge of a cotton mill at Bozrahville, Connecticut, and William secured a

position in the country store connected with the factory.

He was so attentive to customers' wants, so cheery and agreeable, that he made many friends for the store. His father was pleased. He encouraged him by setting apart a show case at one end of the store for him, which he was allowed to stock to suit himself. The profits were to be the boy's own. Thus William E. Dodge began the foundations of a great fortune and a distinguished career.

One day, while he was loading a wagon outside the store, he was obliged to stop for a moment to attend to something in the store itself. The clerk who took his place at the wagon had hardly begun his work when he was struck senseless by a falling pulley, and died in a few days. This occurrence impressed William tremendously. Had God spared him for a special work in the world? That was the question he asked of himself.

It was not long after this that in Hartford he came under the preaching of Nettleton, the evangelist. As he was returning to his home, Doctor Hawes of the old Center Church said to him:

"What, William! Going home, and taking that hard heart with you?"

That straight thrust reached the young man. On Sunday evening, June 8, 1821, he rose to request prayer in a prayer meeting in Bozrahville, and on the first Sunday in May, 1822, he united with the Church.

In 1825 the family removed to New York, and

the boy entered a store. Mr. Dodge later said of his work:

"It was a very different thing in those days to be a boy in a store from what it is now. I fear that many young men, anxious to get started, would hesitate long before facing such duties as had then to be performed.

"I had to go every morning to Vandewater Street for the keys, as my employers must have them in case of fire in the night. There was much ambition among the young men as to who should have his store opened first, and I used to be up soon after light, walk to Vandewater Street, and then to the store very early. It was to be sprinkled with water, which I brought the evening before from the old pump at the corner of Peck Slip and Pearl Street, then carefully swept and dusted. Then came sprinkling the sidewalk and street, and sweeping to the center a heap for the dirt cart to remove. This done, one of the older clerks would come, and I would be permitted to go home for breakfast. In winter the wood was to be carried and piled in the cellar, fires were to be made, and lamps trimmed. I mention these particulars to show that junior clerks in those days did the work now done by the porters."

Of the New York of his day he wrote thus:

"Over the stores in Pearl Street were a large number of boarding houses expressly for country merchants; here they would remain a week or ten days, picking up a variety of goods, for most of them kept what were then called country stores.

They had to purchase dry-goods, groceries, hardware, medicines, crockery, etc. It was a great object with the jobbers to have one of their salesmen board at a large house for country merchants, so that they could induce them to come to their stores to trade. Most of the goods were shipped by sloops, bound up the North River or the Sound; those for the South, on schooners and brigs to ports whence they were taken into the interior.

"Think of New York without gas! At that time the street lamps were few and far between, often filled with poor oil and badly trimmed. They looked on a dark night like so many lightning bugs, and in winter often went entirely out before morning. In 1825 the first gaslights were introduced by the New York Gas Company, which had contracted to light below Canal Street.

"There were no police in those days, but there were a few watchmen, who came on soon after dark and patrolled the streets till near daylight. Their rounds were so arranged that they made one each hour, and as the clocks struck they pounded with their clubs three times on the curb, calling out, for example, 'Twelve o'clock, and all is well,' in a very peculiar voice. They wore leathern caps, such as the firemen now use.

"Although the Sabbath was almost free from disturbances from carriages, still, for fear that some one might be passing during worship, the churches had chains drawn across the streets on either side, which were put up as soon as service commenced, and taken down at its close. What would our rid-

ing, sporting, Sabbath-breaking citizens say to such obstructions, if put up on Fifth or Madison Avenues now?"

Mr. Dodge went into business for himself in May, 1827, in a store on Pearl Street near his father's. And this was the way of it as told by himself:

"A retired Connecticut merchant, with whom I had done business most of the time while a clerk, had a son just graduated from Yale, whom he was anxious to place in New York, and having heard that I was intending to commence business for myself, proposed a copartnership with his son. He offered to furnish an amount of capital which, with the small sum I had (mostly savings from my salary), would make, for those days, a respectable beginning, and furthermore, promised to indorse for us to a reasonable amount. There are few events in a man's life more important than that which introduces him into active business on his own account, and as my partner had no experience, I felt the responsibility the more. Here I will venture to relate an incident, as I think it may be of service to some of my young friends who are looking forward to mercantile life. A few weeks after we started, and when our stock of goods was small, three young men stepped into the store, each having a large tin trunk which he carried in his hands, aided by a large strap over his shoulders. I saw at once that they were Connecticut peddlers, for I had often dealt with such when a clerk. They were attracted by some article in the window. After giving them its price, and while they set

down their loads to rest and talk, I said pleasantly:

"'I see you are, like myself, just starting in business. Now let me make you a proposition. There is plenty of room in our store. Each of you take one of these pigeonholes under the shelves, put your trunks there in place of carrying them around while you are picking up your goods, and just order all you buy to be sent here. We will take charge of your purchases, pack and ship them, and you can come here and examine your bills, write letters, and do as you like, whether you buy a dollar's worth of us or not. I want to make at least a show of doing business, and it will really be an advantage to us as well as a convenience to you.' They were pleased with the offer, accepted it at once, and left in search of such things as they wanted. My young partner waited till they got out, and then, with considerable excitement and wounded pride, said: 'Well, are those what you call customers?' I said: 'Yes; you know that tall oaks from little acorns grow. We shall see by and by what they will make.' Suffice it to say, that for the six years I remained in the dry-goods business, they were among my most attached customers. They were all respectable young men, not afraid of work, nor ashamed of small beginnings. One has been president of a New England bank for more than twenty years. His brother, years afterwards, moved to one of the large towns of Ohio, went into business, and has grown to be the man of the place, associated with the railroads and public improvements of the state. The

other, who was from a manufacturing town in Connecticut, has long been connected with the large mills of the place, a man unusually respected."

Mr. Dodge began in these years to do much for the church and the Sunday school, perceiving in the Sunday school an agency of untold possibilities, represented then in New York by only two or three examples. He did not count himself too busy to give time to the meeting of recognized needs; so, for the young men, he helped to found the "New York Young Men's Bible Society" whose members worked among the sick and destitute.

On June 24, 1828, Mr. Dodge married Melissa Phelps, a daughter of Anson G. Phelps, and in 1833 he sold out his dry-goods business, and entered into partnership with his father-in-law, and Daniel James, under the title of Phelps, Dodge & Co., a large metal-importing house. Here was a business opportunity that he was not slow to appreciate and develop.

Even while Mr. Dodge was a dry-goods merchant, he had his eyes open for the business opportunities offered by an expanding national life. He bought timber lands in Pennsylvania so extensively that he "became the part proprietor of whole counties." He made other purchases in Michigan, Wisconsin and Texas. His son, D. Stuart Dodge, writes: "Probably few men, even among those exclusively engaged in the lumber trade, were more widely and practically familiar with the varied features of this great industry. Mr. Dodge took an intelligent and enthusiastic interest in every detail, from the first

selection of suitable lands, the felling of trees, the driving of the logs, the sawing, piling and distribution of the lumber, to the final sale in the best markets. He was constantly reading on the subject, and carefully watching production and prices. He knew, too, better than most men, what interminable anxiety there can be over titles, taxes, trespasses, fires, floods and droughts."

He went into coal and iron, and railroads, helping particularly in the building of the Erie Railroad, raising subscriptions for it by going from store to store. He saw, and was interested in, the beginning of steam traffic by water and by rail, and his wealth increased steadily as he seized the ready-to-hand opportunities to share in the advancing values. But it required unlimited courage to do that, and the keenest prescience and energy to lay hold of and develop the right interest at the right time.

In the thick of all these growing and thriving enterprises, with their heavy responsibilities, Mr. Dodge seems never to have lost sight of the spiritual values that life must hold, and the claims of others upon those who are gifted with constructive ability. He thoroughly enjoyed money-making, and intended to become wealthy. At the same time, from the start, he was a giver of money and time and personality to a multitude of good causes. Among these were theological seminaries, such as Union, Auburn, Princeton, Yale, Chicago; and colleges such as Williams, Dartmouth, Amherst, Oberlin, Hamilton, Grinnell, and Maryville. Thousands of young men were aided by him to prepare for the

ministry. He saw that clerks needed adequate reading rooms, and so he helped to found the Mercantile Library in New York. He took an active interest in civic affairs, against corruption and waste.

In 1853, through the death of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Dodge became the head of the firm. His business skill was taxed to the utmost under the new responsibilities, yet he took on more affairs than ever. He was able to accomplish an immense amount of work without friction, because he worked in faith and by system, and had the faculty of turning quickly from one duty to another with concentration on the task in hand.

He was an early riser, allowing a half hour for prayer and Bible reading in his private library. After an eight-o'clock breakfast, he would meet callers in his own home, as also when he returned in the evening. Before breakfast he would lead family prayers for the whole household in the main library. It is no wonder that days thus begun were rich in success of every kind.

He would reach his office at nine, open and read his always large mail, disposing of it rapidly with the aid of secretaries. The plans for the day were talked over with his helpers, checks were brought in for him to sign, and, while attaching his signature, he received his first callers, with courtesy yet with no tolerance of time-wasting. When the list of callers was ended, he took up a scrutiny of credits. Then he visited Wall Street and the Chamber of Commerce, and took a hurried lunch, standing; attended one or two board meetings; and from two to

four was in his own office again, from which he went to a National Temperance Society or an American Bible Society committee meeting, reaching home for dinner at six.

Mr. Dodge's relation to the peace efforts preceding the Civil War, his support of Lincoln, his service on The Christian Commission with George H. Stuart and others, constitute an entire period of service sufficient for a separate study. He came to love the South, and he invested so heavily in lands in Georgia, and did so much for the people of the region in which his lands were situated, that a county was named for him, and to that he presented a county house. Whatever he did was on this princely and daring scale. He seemed always to work with immense reserves of body and spirit, and yet to overflow in work and in beneficence.

In 1864 he was elected to Congress, but he did not take his seat there until 1866, owing to a contested election in which, however, his victory was complete. Hon. J. R. Grinnell of Iowa writes of Mr. Dodge's place among his associates: "A historical gathering was held in the Capitol, in 1866, under the auspices of the Congressional Temperance Society. Mr. Dodge read the names of forty-seven senators and representatives who were pledged to total abstinence. To perpetuate the influence of this great occasion, Mr. Dodge himself sent pamphlets of the proceedings and speeches all over the country. In the Congressional prayer meeting, where senators and members of all sections and of every shade of religious belief met to supplicate the favor of the

God of all nations, Mr. Dodge was a prompt attendant and the animating soul. As a Christian gentleman his cheerfulness and uniform courtesy left an indelible impression upon his associates. The announcement of his name as a speaker or presiding officer would attract a crowded assembly. With the colored congregations of the city he was a special favorite as a speaker ; and he himself found inspiration in their hearty 'amens' and stirring songs, which, in his mind, were more in accord with primitive worship than operatic airs given by a professional quartet.

"In the Standing Committees of Congress, as Mr. Dodge was not a member at the opening of the first session, he was not assigned to some positions for which he was eminently qualified. He served, however, upon the important Committees of Commerce and of Foreign Affairs, besides others, special and select."

Even while the war was still going on, Mr. Dodge had become interested in the education of the Negro. He gave liberally to the school at Oxford, Pennsylvania, known now as Lincoln University, a school for the training of negro teachers and preachers ; and to Zion Wesley College, at Salisbury, North Carolina, and to many other schools such as Hampton and Howard University.

He was appointed by President Grant one of the ten commissioners to manage the nation's Indian affairs, and there served with George H. Stuart on the Purchasing Committee in doing away with abuses that had become far too well intrenched.

As Mr. Dodge approached the years when most men relinquish much of their work, he seemed to be as eager as ever for service. He was in great demand as an after-dinner speaker; he did not withdraw from the harder tasks his position laid upon him, but stood for his convictions with zeal and intrepid determination, as in his opposition to Sunday traffic on railroads of which he was a director. On this subject he said in an address in Boston, in 1879: "The question of the day for everyone who loves his country and believes in the value and importance of the Christian Sabbath, as we in America have honored and maintained it, the great question is, shall this mighty railroad interest become one of the chief instruments in transforming our American Sabbath into the continental holiday, or—as it is fast growing to be—a day like all the others of the week? I have no doubt it is within the power of the intelligent lovers of the Sabbath, associated with the Christian stockholders in these roads to bring about a change that shall stop the transit of freight trains, and reduce the passenger traffic to such an extent that the influence shall tell on the side of Sabbath observance. I have no question that if Christian men, when about to invest in the securities of a railroad, would ask, 'Does this road run on Sunday?' and if so, refuse to put money there, it would go far to settle this problem. But if the only inquiry is, 'Does the road pay regular dividends?' no matter how they get the money, do not be too sure of your dividends. Those overworked engineers, conductors or brakemen may lose all interest

in their duties, become discouraged and careless, or incapable of that prompt action necessary in the moment of danger, and an accident may occur which will not only send many into eternity, but cause a loss that will make a dividend impossible.

"Railway managers determined to use the Sabbath as any other day must either drive the Sabbath-loving employees from their roads, or so demoralize them that they will soon come to feel that if there is no binding force in the Fourth Commandment, there is none in the Eighth! Stockholders will find they have a pecuniary interest in so conducting their roads that men can be employed who believe they have a right to claim the one day's rest which God and nature demand."

This same spirit was shown in his advocacy of the temperance cause, as President of the National Temperance Society, which he had helped to found. "This was his favorite agency," writes the biographer already quoted; "and its history, illustrious with energetic and effective labors for the enlightenment and salvation of mankind from drink, is his temperance biography. Not once only, but many times, were his scruples respected in miscellaneous social circles, the decanter being banished and the wine glasses turned down. From such bodies as derived a portion of their income from the sale of intoxicants, as was the case with several clubs with which he had been allied, he quietly withdrew, in order to avoid the appearance of evil. Thus he shaped his life into noble consistency."

One day, early in 1883, while he was on an er-

rand of helpfulness with Mrs. Dodge, he was seized with an illness that resulted in his death on February 8. A sense of heavy loss was felt in all directions. It was not merely the head of a great mercantile house who had gone on, but a friend to thousands who bore testimony to their love for him.

Of him Mark Hopkins wrote words that should impress themselves upon the aspiring consciousness of every young man who reads them :

"Mr. Dodge's example was heroic. It was so because he had at his command the fullest means of personal gratification ; because it was opposed to the example and the spirit, almost universal, of those with whom he was associated ; and because it sprang from a heroic motive. No man was more cheerful or joyous, or enjoyed more perfectly those tasteful and beautiful influences which wealth can produce. No ; it was not from any asceticism ! It was because he felt that he thus gained a foothold which would enable him, when he reached his hand down to lift up a struggling brother, to do it more effectually. And it did give such a foothold ; and, knowing this, it was the very spirit of Christ in him which induced him to sacrifice himself. He asked no abstract question ; but, seeing that his influence here and now for good would be thus promoted, he adopted at once the principle of the apostle, that if meat would make his brother to offend, he would eat no meat while the world stood."

Or, again these words of Dr. S. Irenæus Prime may well remain in the memory of every student of successful living :

"Mr. Dodge personally worked to do good; like his Master, he went about doing good. He had more 'irons in the fire,' he was a more busy man, with a greater variety of engagements for each and every hour of the day, than any man we ever knew. Active, wiry, untiring, even down to old age, he went from one duty to another; keeping memoranda of appointments, and a man to remind him; despatching business with promptness, but not without careful attention. He literally gave himself to the world, the Church, the poor—to Christ. His large heart took in every good work; and no list of his charities, nor of the institutions which he founded or supported, will ever tell the extent or the nature of his deeds of love. How or where he began this living for others, it may be hard to say. That it ended only with his life, we know. That it grew with him as a part of his being, becoming a broader range of existence, more absorbing and diffusive, as means and years and knowledge of the wants of others were brought into the sphere of his acquaintance, was evident year by year until the end."

But the end of such a life is not yet, for its impulses will move in the spirit of many a young man of to-day whose face is set toward right-minded achievement.

IX

Cyrus H. McCormick

Inventor and Business Builder

A remarkable book is the volume by Herbert A. Casson, "Cyrus Hall McCormick, His Life and Work."

IX

CYRUS H. McCORMICK

THE harvest was almost over, and only a little of the wheat on the farm was standing. The machine on which the farmer's son had spent much thought and time was to be tested on that July day in 1831, and father and mother and brothers and sisters were eager to see what Cyrus had evolved. For the father had studied the problem of the reaper, and the son had taken up the experiment at a point where the older man had laid it down, and it remained to be seen whether Cyrus McCormick's principle would work in practice.

When the reaper was driven into the standing grain, and the machine cut it, and spread it upon the platform of the reaper to be raked off by a laborer, that Virginia farm near Lexington became the birthplace of an enterprise that has given the world a new agriculture, with all its vast and far-reaching service to mankind.

The man behind the machine became one of the colossal figures of American enterprise. He was even then a hard worker and close student of farm problems. His father, from the time Cyrus was seven years old, had been trying to work out a practical reaper, but the machine had never been satisfactory.

The father, Robert McCormick, was a man of force and ability, of sound Scotch-Irish stock, and the mother was in all things his partner. He owned some eighteen hundred acres of farm lands, but he had also two gristmills, two sawmills, a smelting furnace, and a blacksmith shop. He was an inventor of farm machinery, and in all this mechanical work his sons labored with him. The family was a busy unit of production, for homemade appliances of all sorts were made by the various members.

When Cyrus began to work in the fields, swinging the old-time wheat cradle at harvest, he decided he could improve on that, by making the cradle smaller, which he did. And before Cyrus McCormick was through he made harvesting machinery that changed the conditions of human life the world around.

His religious life was not a superstructure but a foundation. It was never taken on as an interest of mature years, after the fight for material success was over, but it was the undergirding of all that he purposed. His ancestors were Calvinists, believing with all their might in the sovereignty of God. When Cyrus was twenty-five, special meetings were held in the church on his grandfather's farm. All day long the preaching went on, and on the fourth and closing day those who wanted to confess Christ were asked to rise. Cyrus did not do so. "That night," his biographer tells us, "his father went to his bedside and gently reproached him. 'My son,' he said, 'don't you know that your silence is a public rejection of your Saviour?' Cyrus was con-

science stricken. He leaped from his bed and began to dress himself. 'I'll go and see old Billy McClung,' he said. Half an hour later, old Billy McClung, who was a universally respected religious leader in the community, was amazed to be called out of his sleep by a greatly troubled young man, who wanted to know by what means he might make his peace with his Maker. The next Sunday this young man stood up in the church, and became in name what he already was by nature and inheritance, a Christian of the Presbyterian faith."

Down deep in his character there was granite bedrock. To tackle the hardest problem first was a matter of principle, and a life habit with him. He believed that the quickest and surest progress comes through getting the impossibilities changed into accomplishment at once. In his study of his father's machine he saw that it could cut grain but it did not deliver it smoothly; it could not handle tangled and fallen grain properly; it was radically defective. Then he set to work to make a thoroughly practical reaper, equal to the conditions that must be met.

The reciprocating blade was one of Cyrus McCormick's independent and very practical conceptions. In all, he worked out seven principles which have never been abandoned in such machinery: a curved arm at the end of the knife, as a divider to separate the grain to be cut from the grain to be left; the reciprocating blade; fingers to hold the grain in position to be cut; a reel to lift up the fallen grain; a platform to catch the grain as it is

cut; a side-draught machine; one driving wheel to carry the weight, and operate the reel and cutting blade.

In 1832, near the town of Lexington, in the presence of about a hundred persons, McCormick gave an exhibition of his machine, in the midst of jeers and incredulity, where the land was rough. He did not do so well as he knew he could; but the owner of the adjoining field told him to pull down the fence, drive over there, and go to work. He cut six acres successfully, and the machine was driven into Lexington; and there, among others who saw it, was Professor Bradshaw of the Lexington Female Academy. "This machine," he finally called out to the crowd, "is worth a hundred thousand dollars." And he meant it.

How much more it was really worth no one then even dreamed. That is, no one but young McCormick. One day, when he was riding on his horse, carrying to a foundry a pattern of the mold board of a plow he had invented, the horse stopped to drink in midstream as they were crossing. As Cyrus looked out upon a fertile tract of land beside the stream, he had a vision of vast possibilities for his reaper invention in a daydream of future success. But he was almost alone in his great hope. A way must be found to perfect and to sell his reapers. He believed he could secure the needed money by farming. He began to advertise his machines in a local paper, at fifty dollars each, but no buyers seized this opportunity. It was nine years before he sold one to a farmer.

He worked for a year on a farm given him by his father; then, not finding the needed return in that, he got his father and his school-teacher to build, with him, an iron furnace. In 1835 he was making iron. In 1839 he had not only made no headway with the reaper, but the furnace became a failure, and Cyrus gave up his farm and all that he had to his creditors. But he did not sell the reaper. It would not have been regarded by others as a good asset.

Then McCormick began to build victory out of defeat by making reapers in the log workshop on the home farm. In the year of the furnace failure he gave a public exhibition, and cut two acres of wheat in an hour. And still the farmers were not buyers. A year later, however, a man who had seen this performance came a considerable distance, and invested fifty dollars in a reaper. A few weeks after this two farmers came from forty miles away and ordered machines. McCormick was not quite satisfied with the machine, so he took only one of these orders.

In 1842 he sold seven; in 1843, twenty-nine; in 1844, fifty; and he lived to see the works in Chicago turning out fifty thousand machines a year, in 1884. The story of the forty intervening years is the story of the growth of a giant industry, and a giant man of will power, energy and commanding ability as a business builder.

Mr. McCormick sold rights to others to sell the reaper; he noted numerous sales in the West, and accordingly set out on a three-thousand-mile journey

through what we now call the Middle West to see where he could build and transport his machines to better advantage. And it was characteristic of his sagacity and foresight and courage that he should decide upon Chicago, then a rather dilapidated town of about ten thousand inhabitants, but inviting enough to him because of its location.

McCormick had no money, but he must have a factory in Chicago. He found a partner in the most prominent man there, William B. Ogden, who gave him twenty-five thousand dollars for a half interest in the reaper, and the factory was built—the largest in the town. In 1849 McCormick bought Ogden's interest, paying him back his twenty-five thousand dollars, and as much more for profit.

Cyrus McCormick then began to develop a sales system, in which a new feature was the written guarantee, and another was the fixed price. He was already a confident and consistent user of advertising, and in this he became an expansionist.

He was terrifically energetic in meeting competition, of which he had his full share. He scattered agents everywhere, subjected his machine to the most severe uses in contests with others; and he was a friend to the farmer, giving him ample credit, and dealing leniently with him as to payments. "It is better that I should wait for the money than that you should wait for the machine that you need," was his way of putting it. In 1850 his plans had been so well developed that he had every kind of competition—and his original patent had expired two years earlier.

He thought his patents should be extended. He had made only a beginning, for the short harvest season of only a few weeks each year gave him scant time for experiment. He had as yet made little or nothing from the reaper. But notwithstanding an eight years' fight, none of his patents was renewed. He must go on without that aid. When he found that the government would not give him the protection he asked, he prepared to go after those who were making his reaper without arrangements with him. His biographer vividly describes one of these encounters :

" He engaged three of the master lawyers of the American bar, William H. Seward, E. N. Dickerson and Senator Reverdy Johnson, and brought suit against Manny and Emerson, of Rockford, Illinois, for making McCormick Reapers without a license.

" Then came a three-year struggle that shook the country and did much to shape the history of the American people. Manny and Emerson, who were shrewd and forceful men, hired twice as many lawyers as McCormick and prepared to defend themselves. They selected as the members of this legal bodyguard, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Edwin M. Stanton, Peter H. Watson, George Harding and Congressman H. Winter Davis.

" It was a battle of giants. Greek met Greek with weapons of eloquence. But Stanton outclassed his great codebaters in a speech of unanswerable power, which unfortunately was not reported. The speech so vividly impressed McCormick that in his next lawsuit he at once engaged Stanton. It awoke

the brain of Lincoln, as he afterwards admitted, and drove him back to a more comprehensive study of the law. It gave Lincoln so high an opinion of Stanton's ability that, when he became President several years later, he chose Stanton to be his Secretary of War. And it gripped judge and jury with such effect that McCormick lost his case. It was a wonderful speech.

"Abraham Lincoln, who made no speech at all, was the one who derived the most benefit in the end from this lawsuit. It not only aroused his ambitions, but gave him his first big fee, one thousand dollars. This money came to him at the precise moment when he needed it most, to enable him to enter into the famous debate with Douglas—the debate that made him the inevitable candidate of the Republican Party.

"It is interesting to note how closely the destinies of Lincoln and McCormick were interwoven. Both were born in 1809, on farms in the South. Both struggled through a youth of adversity and first came into prominence in Illinois. Both labored to preserve the Union, and when the War of Secession came it was the reaper that enabled Lincoln to feed his armies. Both men were emancipators, the one from slavery and the other from famine; and both to-day sleep under the soil of Illinois. No other two Americans had heavier tasks than they, and none worked more mightily for the common good."

Mr. McCormick was always ready to fight for a principle of fair dealing. He was a man of many lawsuits, among which was one that his biographer

calls "probably the best single instance of the man's dogged tenacity in defense of a principle." With his family party of six and with nine trunks, he was about to leave Philadelphia for Chicago. Just before the train started the baggage master demanded eight dollars and seventy cents for excess baggage. Mr. McCormick refused to pay the charge, and with his family left the train, directing that his trunks be taken off. But the trunks went on their memorable journey. They were ordered off at Pittsburgh by a telegram from the president of the road, to whom Mr. McCormick referred the matter. Then the McCormicks took the next train. The trunks, however, had been carried through to Chicago, as the family learned when they reached Pittsburgh. And in Chicago the next day they found that the trunks had been consumed in a fire that destroyed the depot.

Mr. McCormick sued the railroad for the value of the trunks, $7,193. This was in 1862. Twenty years later, after many victories and consequent appeals, he won his case before the United States Supreme Court. It was not until three years later, after McCormick's death, that the railroad paid to his estate the original value of the trunks, and twenty-three years' interest, amounting in all to $18,060.79. Such tenacity of purpose was sure to be found in other phases of this energetic man's career.

Mr. McCormick had the keenest possible eye for details, and at the same time an intolerance of anything petty or inconsequent. He seemed at his best

when everything was going wrong, and he could laugh at losses, put them behind him resolutely, and push on more energetically than ever. "I expect to die in the harness," he said, "because this is not the world for rest. This is the world for work. In the next world we will have the rest."

"His plan of work," says his biographer, "so far as he could be said to have a plan, was this: 'One Thing at a Time, and the Hardest Thing First.' He followed the line of most resistance. If the hardest thing can be done, he reasoned, all the rest will follow. And as for all work that was merely routine, he left as much as possible of it to others. He was not an organizer so much as a creator and a pioneer."

He was insistent upon correctness, upon doing the thing as it ought to be done, in every sphere of activity. If things were wrong, or headed in the wrong direction, they must be set right, including clocks and watches and small accounts as well as large.

But any review of Cyrus McCormick's life will discover all through his struggles and successes two invariable qualities that were preëminent—his Scotch Covenanter sense of God, and his tremendous will. "The exhibition of his powerful will," said one of his lawyers, "was at times actually terrible. If any other man on this earth ever had such a will certainly I have not heard of it."

When the Chicago fire of 1871 devastated the city, his factory was turning out about ten thousand harvesters a year. He consulted with his wife as to

whether he should rebuild, or retire from business, and she advised him to rebuild. The home was then in New York. He ordered that house sold, telegraphed his agents everywhere to collect all the accounts they could, and gave orders to build in Chicago on a larger scale than before. Others were roused from discouragement by this example, and began the rehabilitation of the city.

McCormick saw enough of the moral and religious needs of the West of his day to convince him that these frontier towns needed strong preachers. By a gift of one hundred thousand dollars in 1859 he made it possible to remove a needy seminary from New Albany, Indiana, to Chicago, and there, as the Northwestern Theological Seminary, to work upon a substantial foundation, the name being changed later to McCormick Theological Seminary. On the one hundredth anniversary of the founder's birth, President W. W. Moore, of Union Theological Seminary of Richmond, Virginia, in an historical address, quoted from two of Cyrus McCormick's early letters :

"He believed not only that there should be business in our religion and religion in our business, but that religion is our business. 'I often regret,' he writes, 'that my example has not been better, more pious ; and yet I have often felt a concern that was not expressed. Business is not inconsistent with Christianity ; but the latter ought to be a help to the former, giving a confidence and resignation, after using all proper means, which speak peace to the soul.' And again at a critical juncture in his

business affairs, when he was struggling with manufacturers who had broken their contracts, he says: 'This is the point that should be aimed at, the feeling that should be cherished—unconditional submission and resignation to the will and hand of Providence; and with his smiles, the most crooked ways may be made straight and chastisements converted into blessings. But for the fact that Providence has seemed to assist me in our business it has at times seemed that I would almost sink under the weight of responsibility hanging upon me. But I believe the Lord will help me out. How grateful we should be! How humble on account of unworthiness! And yet how rejoicing that, unworthy as we are, the Law has been satisfied, and we may be saved by faith.'" And on the same occasion President McClure of McCormick Seminary said: "His letters were a combination of intense devotion to business detail, and of intense devotion to religious principle."

It was in this spirit that Mr. McCormick founded the seminary, and repeatedly gave to it as need arose; and with the intention of supporting fundamental Presbyterianism, he bought The Interior, now The Continent, and called to its service in all departments men who, with him, gave it its place of eminence and influence among periodicals to-day. Just before the Civil War he bought the Chicago Times, chiefly to keep before Chicagoans the viewpoints of the South, and he attended the Democratic Convention in Baltimore so that he might lay before Southerners the views of the North. "He

was a maker, not a collector, of public opinion, and instead of pandering to the war frenzy, he opposed it—put his newspaper squarely in its path, and held it there until the feet of the crowd had trampled it into an impossible wreck." He was entirely willing to spend a fortune in time and money in any cause to which he was devoted.

When Cyrus McCormick died, in 1884, more than half a million of his machines were in use, the world around, and the United States had been for some years the greatest wheat-producing nation. The indomitable man who had dared ridicule and poverty through thick and thin lived to see the economic condition of millions of his fellows changed for the better because of his answer to the call that came to him in the days of drudgery and seeming failure. And who can measure the influence of those other harvesters who have gone out, and who are yet to go out from that institution he made possible in the city of his business success—for the fields are indeed "white unto harvest"?

X

Henry Clay Trumbull

Business Man, Missionary, Army Chaplain and Editor

"The Life of Henry Clay Trumbull" is by Philip E. Howard, with an introduction by his son, Charles Gallaudet Trumbull.

X

HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL

In the railroad office the clerks were trying their strength. They had given the wheel of the letter-press the hardest turn they could, and they challenged Henry Clay Trumbull to turn it further.

He was a thin, wiry chap, strong enough in the arms, but not powerfully built; and that wheel was turned as far as the office strong man could turn it. Henry heard the challenge, and throwing his whole being into the contest, he sprang at the letterpress, caught the wheel in a terrifically intense grip, and gave it such a wrench that he broke the heavy screw in two.

It was like Henry Trumbull to give the wheel one turn beyond the power of most men in whatever he undertook, and that intensity of character, always ready for instant service, carried him through many a difficult undertaking and into achievements that enriched the lives of countless thousands.

Trumbull spent himself so freely in successive fields of usefulness and poured out his life so lavishly, that it is not so easy to say in what special form of service he found his largest usefulness.

He was born in Stonington, Connecticut, June 8, 1830, and his busy earthly life overflowed into the

new century to the winter of 1903. His family was distinguished in colonial history, and has maintained its distinction by specialized service in many fields in our own times. He was, as a boy, privileged to meet or to see in his home village many noted personages of the day, including Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, President Tyler, and John Quincy Adams, Commodore Hull, of the "Constitution," and Colonel John Trumbull of Washington's staff, the artist son of that Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, to whom Washington gave the name of "Brother Jonathan." One of his playmates was "Jamie" Whistler, whose talent as an artist was beginning to show even then. And Henry well remembered the impression made upon his mind when he saw and heard Adoniram Judson, and Albert Bushnell, the "Patriarch of West African Missions."

Henry was born in a time of intense political excitement and from boyhood onward he was keenly interested in public affairs, at eighteen entering actively into the local work of bringing out voters in the presidential campaign of 1848. His life, too, in the little seaport gave him contacts with world affairs, for Stonington in those days had its fleet of sealing vessels, and its daring sailors like Captain Nat Palmer, who, when only eighteen, in his forty-five-ton sloop "Hero," discovered the land below the South Shetlands in the Atlantic which was named for him by a Russian fleet commander cruising in that region.

Young Trumbull's schooling was very brief, in-

cluding its beginnings in the "dame schools" of the period, and its close in Williston Seminary when he was about fourteen. His health was uncertain, and schooling was distasteful to him. He did not seem strong enough to go through the college preparatory work, or to enter college. And so the boy, who became one of the most versatile and learned and stimulating writers of his time, was obliged to seek education from other sources.

He worked in his uncle's drug store; he worked in a bank in the day, and in the steamboat office on the wharf at night, with trunks trundling past, and steam blowing off, and persons coming in and going out. "Yet I must settle the day's accounts," he wrote, "with conductors and purser, in all this hubbub. After that training I could sit on a curbstone in a city street and write an editorial as easily as in an inner study in a clergyman's house."

From his childhood, Henry had lived in a home atmosphere of classical culture, New England wit and strict religious practices, and he had taken an active part in the local Sunday-school work. At the same time, he had been a social leader in the village, a light-hearted, winsome young fellow, with an eye to the æsthetic in the life about him. Although he had gained in character and experiences he had not gained any definite purpose for the future, nor was he giving much thought to the deeper things of life.

His father, Gurdon Trumbull, knew the lad's nature and its perils. Father and son were walking together one day, when suddenly Gurdon Trum-

bull stopped, turned abruptly to his son, and asked with great earnestness:

"Henry, would you like to be respected and looked up to by all your companions, as you grow up?"

"Of course I would, father."

"Well, if you won't drink, or use tobacco, or dance, or play cards, you will be respected by others, if you have nothing else than this to recommend you. You will be a leader through self-control, even if the other boys have more brains or more friends than you have." Then he relapsed into silence. But the boy understood. He was not to be of the crowd.

In his twenty-second year Henry was called to a clerical position in the Hartford office of the Hartford, Providence and Fiskhill Railroad. Here he plunged into hard and exacting work. He was a spirited fellow, socially inclined, and yet with little time now for anything but his work. But his growing character was revealed in more ways than one. His disciplined spirit was shown in a battle with self on one occasion which would have seemed to most young men to offer no occasion for a battle. In the engineering department, in which Henry eventually became paymaster of construction, the young clerks had fallen into the habit of borrowing from the chief engineer's desk, in his absence, an inkstand containing a special ink. Henry accepted this habit as one of the office practices, and one day was using the inkstand when his chief, Samuel Ashburner, needed it at once. Sending into the room

where the clerks were working, Mr. Ashburner had the young scribe and the borrowed inkstand brought before him.

"Henry," he said, with kindly emphasis, "I want that inkstand to remain on my desk at all times. You must never take it away."

"I'll bear that in mind, sir," answered the young man, and went back to his work.

A few days later the ink was missing when Mr. Ashburner had occasion to use it. Stepping to the door of the clerks' room, he called, sharply, "Henry!" Young Trumbull quickly followed him into the next room.

"Henry," he exclaimed, "what did I tell you about that inkstand?"

"You told me not to take it away again."

"Yes, and I meant it. Now, bring it to me at once!"

Henry passed into the clerks' room, lifted the missing inkstand from the desk of another, and carried it to his chief. As he placed it in its proper place and started to leave the room, Mr. Ashburner looked severely at him. "Henry," he said, emphatically, "never let this happen again."

"I'll bear in mind what you say, sir," was the quiet answer.

Later in the day the clerk who had been at fault manfully explained the whole matter to his superior. Henry was at once summoned. With an earnest and troubled look Mr. Ashburner received him. "Why didn't you tell me this morning that you hadn't taken that inkstand?"

"You didn't ask me, sir," replied Henry.

The chief was somewhat nonplussed. He had found men ready enough to lay the blame upon others, but not so ready to keep still, when even a word of denial might clear them. The interview was closed with an apology from the chief, and Henry went back to his desk. He was building character while helping to build railroads.

Trumbull's spiritual awakening came as the result of a letter from a friend, and from the preaching of Charles G. Finney, president of Oberlin College, in the revival in Hartford in the winter of 1851–1852. One noon, as he was returning from dinner to his railroad office work, he found at the post office a letter from an intimate Stonington friend. He had heard from this friend only a few days before concerning a revival at home. He opened the letter, read a few lines, saw that it was a personal appeal to him, and at once thrust the letter into his pocket, saying to a companion, "I think there must be a big revival in Stonington if it has set my old friend preaching to me."

Young Trumbull reached the office, which was on the third floor of one of the station towers, but he passed up the stairs to the fourth floor, and entered a small map closet, where he shut himself in, and read the letter which urged him to accept Christ.

Henry was touched beyond expression by his friend's letter, and even before he had read it through he was on his knees, brokenly asking God's forgiveness for his heedless past. Under the impulse of this experience he attended some of the

Finney meetings, and in the evangelist's clear and reasoned message he found conviction, and soon united with the First (Center) Congregational Church in Hartford. It was characteristic of Mr. Trumbull that immediately, even before he had united with the Church, he began the work of individual soul-winning which he always counted his most enduring service, and entered as well into Sunday-school work in the Morgan Street Mission, where he received his first real training in the field with which his name was to be identified in world-wide influence.

In 1854 Mr. Trumbull married Alice Cogswell Gallaudet, a daughter of the founder of deaf-mute instruction in America, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

He was at this time a business man. His interests were business interests. But the new vision he had of Christian service was beckoning him urgently. He became superintendent of the Morgan Street Sunday School; he entered into the local and state political life, and developed rapidly as a political speaker in the Scott-Pierce national campaign; he wrote on political subjects for the New York Tribune, and for other papers. He formed a partnership for the conduct of a drug store in Hartford; declined a place on Governor Buckingham's military staff as colonel; was chosen for, but did not take up, the editorship of the Hartford Evening Press; and then went into a wool business with his former railroad president. That business was for the time wiped out after the panic of '57, and he was listening for the next call of duty.

One day he met Father Hawley, the city missionary, on the street. The good old man greeted him with: "Trumbull, I hear you're out of business. I'm glad of it. I hope the Lord will harrow up your nest as often as you build it outside of his field."

Trumbull's chief life work was soon to open for him unmistakably. In the first State Sunday-school Convention in Connecticut, in March, 1857, he made his first convention speech. After the second convention, a little more than a year later, at the request of the State Association, he was appointed by the American Sunday-School Union as missionary for Connecticut, and entered upon that work, September 1, 1858.

In his first year of missionary work he visited eighty of the hundred and sixty-one towns in the state, traveling more than ten thousand miles in that field alone, visiting, or meeting at union gatherings, more than two hundred and fifty schools, of ten denominations, writing more than a thousand letters, and making about three hundred public addresses.

As the Civil War came on Trumbull was deep in his missionary work, but he felt strongly that he ought to be at the front. His health was so uncertain that he could not succeed in passing the necessary physical examination. He was tall and thin, black-haired, and with heavy eyebrows arching over the most wonderful blue eyes, that could twinkle with merriment or flash with excitement in their intense and piercing gaze. He was fluent and magnetic, welcome on every side, and a master hand in dealing with the human material in which he

worked. His spirit almost burned out the life of his body with its intensity. Along with his Sunday-school work, he aided recruiting officers wherever he could. "You ask me why I don't go myself," he would say. "I tell you I would go if I could. If a recruiting officer will take me, I'll enlist to-night. I am willing to crawl into a hundred-pound Parrott gun, as a wad, and be fired off for my country."

Quite unexpectedly, in August, 1862, a call came to him to be the chaplain of the Tenth Connecticut.

The Tenth was already in the field, quartered at New Berne, North Carolina. Mr. Trumbull's first chaplain's sermon was not preached to his own regiment, but on Sunday, September 21, 1862, to the Twenty-second Connecticut, then in a rendezvous camp near Hartford. "A small table," he wrote, "had been borrowed from a neighboring house, and set in the open air on the parade ground, as a reading desk for me. A flag was thrown over it. On this rested a large Bible and a hymn book. As I took my place behind it, in the presence of the assembled regiment, I saw that an open pack of cards was on the Bible, as if in mischievous desire to test the new chaplain. Without being disturbed or annoyed, I quietly gathered up the cards, and put them out of sight, saying in a low tone to the colonel, 'Hearts are trumps to-day, and I've a full hand.'" The new chaplain was not new to the ways of men.

A chaplain was not readily accepted by the soldiers as necessarily a fellow man. Mr. Trumbull

knew the noble record of many a devoted chaplain, and he knew the ignominious story of the failure of many another to get alongside the men and officers, for one reason or another. He decided two or three questions very early in his chaplaincy. His place was with his parishioners, whether they were on the firing line, or in the quiet of the chapel tent. His watchword was service. He was highly sensitive, and often asserted that he was physically timid. He determined that he would overcome his physical shrinking from danger and bloodshed at any cost, and stay with his men. This he did upon all occasions, on the firing line, or with the wounded on the field, or in camp or hospital, or as a prisoner, ministering to others in the dreaded places of confinement.

Chaplain Trumbull said in his later years that he never felt so thoroughly at home anywhere as in the army, for there his natural energy and intensity were not out of place, as he often felt they were in civil life. Seized as a spy, when he was ministering to the wounded on the battle field near Fort Wagner, under a flag of truce, he was in three prisons of the South, Columbia, Charleston and Libby, and was released as by a miracle.

The story of his army experiences Doctor Trumbull has told in three of his books, "The Knightly Soldier," a biography of his friend Major Henry Ward Camp; "War Memories of an Army Chaplain"; and "Shoes and Rations for a Long March," a volume of his army sermons. There is no more significant testimony to his work as a chaplain in

his three years of service than a little bundle of faded papers, showing in a way which is probably unparalleled in the records of Civil War chaplains, the love and respect his comrades had for him. For the officer of the brigade to which his regiment belonged petitioned the Department Commander to confer upon the chaplain the rank of Major of Volunteers by Brevet, for distinguished services in camp and on the field. That this could not be granted by the War Department was due solely to the fact that no law provided for the promotion of chaplains.

After the War, Trumbull was beset with invitations for addresses, and many calls came to him to abandon his Sunday-School Union connection, among them an offer from a life insurance company to act as their New England agent on a minimum guarantee of twenty thousand dollars a year. But he was not to be diverted from the call of the Sunday school. He was appointed Normal Secretary of the Sunday-School Union in 1871, to work in conventions and institutions in any part of the country. His work in this way became nation-wide by personal travel and by his steady outflow of contributions to periodicals.

In 1875 an invitation came to him from John Wanamaker, who had bought The Sunday School Times, to become its editor. If he should accept, the change in the character of his work would be radical. All his home associations were in Hartford ; there he had married ; there all but one of his seven children had been born. The Sunday School

Times had only a small circulation, and was an expense to Mr. Wanamaker, who was conducting it in a spirit of philanthropy. But when the decision was finally reached to go to Philadelphia as editor and part owner of the paper, and the move was made, Mr. Trumbull said, characteristically, to his wife:

"Alice, if future events should seem to show that I have wrecked my business prospects, and even my reputation, by going to Philadelphia, I want you to know that I was sure, when I left Hartford, that God wanted me to go there. Whether I am personally to gain or lose by the move, God knows. That God clearly indicated his wish for me to make the move, I know. The result I am glad to leave with God."

How well the move turned out is now a matter of journalistic history. In 1877 Trumbull, with his son-in-law, John D. Wattles, bought the paper from Mr. Wanamaker, and together the two men gave it a new distinction and world-wide circulation by aggressive editorial and business methods. Trumbull practically gave up public speaking, and devoted himself to editing and writing. Nothing was too good for his paper or for the Sunday school. He had a genius for choosing and securing writers. He spared no expense in providing reading matter. He gathered around him a staff of specialists, and called to the service of the Sunday school, through his paper, the foremost Biblical experts of two continents. Bishop Ellicott of Gloucester and Bristol, Chairman of the New Testament Company of the English Revision Committee said once to him:

"That's a very remarkable paper you have, Mr. Trumbull. We have nothing like it in this country. You have a way of securing contributions from all directions. I believe you got something from me. I don't know how you did it." And that was the experience of many another leader in Biblical scholarship.

In 1881, completely worn out in body and mind, he made a pilgrimage to Egypt and the Holy Land in search of health. It was on this journey that he turned aside from his first plan, and went into the Desert of the Wanderings on a hunt for the until then uncertain site of Kadesh-barnea, which he succeeded in finding by determined and keen-witted handling of his reluctant and secretive Arab guides. His subsequent volume on the results of that visit gave him at once a foremost place among Oriental investigators. That volume involved an amazing exploit in what were to him unfamiliar fields of scholarship. He had studied neither Greek nor Hebrew, and no modern language but his own, yet he must test his conclusions by the work of scholars written in various languages. He had an intuitive sense of word-significance that enabled him to trace key-words through their dictionary meaning to the shade of meaning which they had when used in varied connections. In the two years and a half during which he was at work on his Kadesh-barnea book, he kept up all his usual work on the paper, and examined more than two thousand volumes in seven languages in some of the principal libraries of America, meanwhile corresponding with European

scholars with reference to material in libraries abroad. And when the book was published, no less a man than Professor A. H. Sayce of Oxford, called it "a model of what archæological research and reasoning ought to be, one of the few archæological books in which the author knows how to prove his point by what constitutes a sound argument."

It is impossible here even to touch upon all the fields of activity in which Henry Clay Trumbull rendered conspicuous service. He was unsparing of himself. He shrank from vacations. He used to say, "I get my vacations sitting on my porch these summer afternoons watching my neighbors come home in ambulances from their summer vacations." He got his rest in sleep and his recreation in work. He had time for everyone in need. He counted a friend's need as his first call and the extent of his personal ministry to individuals no man can possibly measure.

Meanwhile he wrote voluminously, writing in addition to all his regular weekly departments in his paper more than thirty books. Practically none of this writing was done in seclusion but in the open freedom of his crowded editorial rooms, or in the small library of his home between the dining room and the drawing-room with the life of the household in no way shut off from him ; or on trains, or street cars, or while waiting for others to keep appointments. Much of his work required very extended and patient research, yet he found time for many social engagements, avoided no church obligation, but gave of his best, and continuously, to his Bible

class and teacher's meetings, and to the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, and, outside the church, to learned societies, to conferences of college students, and groups of friends, in occasional addresses and lectures, and in much-sought personal counsel. He was called upon for service on important state occasions, as in the making of the address of welcome to Grant upon his return from his journey around the world. It was a sign of his wide sympathies that he was invited to pronounce the benediction in a Jewish Synagogue upon a memorial occasion.

Some of Doctor Trumbull's most abiding work was done in the last ten years of his life, and some of the most fruitful after he was physically disabled and confined much of the time to his room. His most widely circulated book, "Individual Work for Individuals," was written after he could no longer walk without assistance. He used to say, with a laugh over his disabilities: "I'd rather lose three legs than one head!"

Doctor Trumbull was a recognized specialist and authority in a great diversity of subjects. He wrote the popular biography of war time in the sixties; he wrote the authoritative and popular work on Sunday-school teaching; he delivered as the Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale what came to be recognized as the one great history and estimate of the Sunday-school movement; he studied minutely and set forth voluminously the origin and meanings of the varied forms of covenants known among primitive peoples; he wrote the outstanding volume on friendship, a study ranging over the influences affect-

ing the world's leadership in many ages and lands; it was his study of the question "Is a lie ever justifiable?" that cleared the atmosphere for thousands upon this question, which he answered with an irrefutable negative; he put forth the most fertile and convincing book on individual soul-winning. Indeed, whatever he did was done with such spirit and grasp and permanent principles beneath it that it had in itself standardizing qualities.

But with all this, Doctor Trumbull was distinctly a man among men. It is not enough to say that he interested them. He startled them, charmed them, made them forget self, brought them wide-awake, face to face with the glory of living the life of a man in the kingdom of God. John R. Mott said of him: "In his relationship with men, Doctor Trumbull impressed me as being more like Christ than any man I have ever known." Says President Robert Ellis Thompson: "He had an instinctive sense of personality. When he was speaking to anyone, he seemed to realize what that person was, and his way of looking at things." Of the effect of his personality upon that of another, his friend Robert E. Speer, speaking for the younger generation, said of him: "How boundlessly appreciative and generous he was,—seeing good where there was no good except in his seeing. He loved his own ideals which he dreamed he saw in others, and then by his sheer love he began to create them in others. It was but our humiliation and our glory that he was ever finding in us nobleness which we did not know was possible for us until he loved it into being in us."

Out of his long experience Doctor Trumbull bore this testimony to the fruitfulness of the kind of service that increasingly seemed to him most needed and most honored by God among men.

"Looking back upon my work, in all these years, I can see more direct results of good through my individual efforts with individuals than I can know of through all my spoken words to thousands upon thousands of persons in religious assemblies, or all my written words on the pages of periodicals or books. And in this I do not think my experience has been wholly unlike that of many others who have had large experience in both spheres of influence. Reaching one person at a time is the best way of reaching all the world in time."

When, on December 8, 1903, Henry Clay Trumbull entered into the larger life, there were thousands who must have thanked God, as they had often thanked him before, that the Connecticut boy had been obedient unto his heavenly vision again and again in life's pivotal experiences, and had answered his clear call, not only to distinguished accomplishment in that which the world counts important, but to unheralded service in Christ's name to one soul at a time who needed light and a friend.

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